THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 154 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · MAY 2, 1942 NUMBER 18

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Published weekly and copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

IN BURMA THE WAR IS STILL GOING BADLY for the United Nations. Although the Chinese have been fighting stubbornly, they have been handicapped by inadequate numbers and lack of air support. By a courage born of desperation they succeeded at the end of last week in recapturing the important city of Taunggyi on the central Burma front, but this gain was imperiled by the withdrawal of other Chinese units a little farther west and by a rapid thrust of Japanese mechanized forces which threatens to cut the railroad between Mandalay and Lashio. Thus General Stilwell's army is dangerously exposed on both flanks. The strategy of the United Nations on the Burma front remains essentially a defensive one. Hope is held out that the monsoon, which is expected in two or three weeks, will temporarily check the Japanese advance. In Australia, on the other hand, there is evidence of a mounting offensive spirit. The bombings of Japanese bases on Timor, New Britain, and New Guinea have been stepped up, and the Japanese attacks on Port Moresby and Darwin have encountered increasing opposition. While the forces of the United Nations are still not strong enough to undertake large-scale offensive action in this area, attacks on some of Japan's outlying bases may not be far off.

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THE LANDING OF AMERICAN TROOPS IN New Caledonia is a second notice to Laval's government that the United States is ready to act in support of its war interests if not of its principles. M. Henry-Haye is expected to protest, but the State Department will certainly reiterate the position it took in regard to the setting up of a consulate at Brazzaville in Equatorial Africa. It said then that the United States would deal with the established authorities, whether Vichy or Free French, in all African or Pacific French territories. This rule of thumb serves our immediate strategic purposes without interfering with our immoral and ineffective discrimination against Free French control of St. Pierre and Miquelon. General de Gaulle is not quibbling over matters of consistency. He has welcomed the American forces to the island, assuring them of the cooperation of the local authorities and the population. New Caledonia,

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lying in the straight line between Honolulu and Sydney, has immense strategic importance, both for resisting further Japanese pressure to the south and as a base for future offensive moves against Japanese positions to the north. More important, but still uncertain, is the fate of Madagascar. This great island base is in Vichy control, and since Laval's advent to power the authorities have been repressing all De Gaullist, anti-Axis elements. Quick seizure of the island is essential if Japan is not to get there first. Apparently the job is to be left to South Africa, which has already broken off relations with Vichy and so freed its hands for action. What forces undertake the task is a question of efficiency; the essential thing is that they move fast. But once Madagascar is in Allied hands, its administration should be turned over without argument or delay to the Free French.

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TWO MONTHS AGO *THE NATION* SUGGESTED in its In the Wind column a plan for bombing Tokyo by which the American bombers would proceed to bases in the Soviet Maritime Provinces instead of trying the long and hazardous return trip to the Aleutian Islands. We have no way of knowing whether the pilot of the bomber which landed near Khabarovsk read our suggestion or not. But we cannot help being a little pleased that someone in our armed forces had the imagination to make this contribution to the war of nerves. The Japanese do not know whether one or a score of American planes landed in the Maritime Provinces, but they are quite aware of the fact that planes that can fly from Tokyo to Khabarovsk are perfectly capable of flying back to Tokyo again should Russia be forced into the Pacific war. And if one American plane can be delivered to Russia via Tokyo, presumably hundreds of others could be similarly dispatched in the event of war. We can be sure that the Japanese would like nothing better than to find some way of preventing a repetition of this incident. But Russia's conduct in the affair has been beyond criticism. It has faithfully conformed with the provisions of international law covering such cases. It reports that the plane and its crew have been interned. But how long will they be out of action? The Japanese wish they knew.

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IN ORDERING THE FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING and Dry Dock Company at Kearny, New Jersey, to grant maintenance of membership to the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, the War Labor Board, like the National Defense Mediation Board before it, has come to grips with the United States Steel Corporation, of which the company at Kearny is a wholly-owned subsidiary. When, last summer, the Defense Mediation Board recommended the acceptance of such a clause, the company rejected it, and the shipyard was taken over by the navy. Four months later it was turned back to its owners. The company has not yet committed itself on the new decision. If it refuses once more to accept the clause, the government will have to decide whether or not the yard shall be seized for the second time; and the majority decision of the War Labor Board indicates that its members recognize that the fate of the board itself is involved. The four employer members issued a dissenting opinion, and it is rumored that they may resign. The majority opinion appealed to general principles as well as specific claims. "The government of the United States," it said, "is under a moral and equitable compulsion not to take advantage of the national agreement [barring strikes] which has disarmed this union of its only weapon. It is under the same compulsion not to allow the most powerful corporation in the world to take advantage of this convenant of honor." It also pointed out the advantages to management of dealing with a responsible union assured of the minimal security which maintenance of membership provides.

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BACK IN 1937 THE UNITED STATES STEEL Corporation surprised the world, and reaped large returns in good-will, by suddenly consenting to deal with the C. I. O. Stettinius and Taylor, who directed that decision, are no longer in control. According to persistent reports, their successors never approved of it, and the first defiance in the Kearny case was said to be designed to put labor once more in its place. But a lot of water has gone over the dam since then, and it may be that in 1942 even the "most powerful corporation in the world" will have the sense to realize that maintenance of membership is a small price to pay for continued private operation and a guaranty of labor peace. If Big Steel should have the vision to accept the clause, its action would, of course, break the libertarian heart of Mark Sullivan, who sees in the decision the umpty-umpth "beginning of totalitarianism." It would also distress the gentlemen in and out of the N. A. M. who, to judge by their public statements, lie awake nights worrying about the sacred right of individual workers to make their own bargain with big corporations. But the casualties among the Blimps would be more than offset by disproval of the War Labor Board's charge that United States Steel is defying the government in the midst of war.

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THE NEW MAN-POWER COMMISSION HEADED by Paul V. McNutt is potentially the key agency for determining the government's basic war policies. Its decisions on how America's available man-power shall be used will inevitably affect our military strategy as well as our program for mobilizing industry and agriculture for total war. But with the commission still in its organizing stage, we have conflicting advice as to its probable policies. Mr. McNutt, on assuming his post as

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chairman of the commission, stated that he was opposed to compulsory drafting of man-power for defense work, but indicated that if voluntary methods failed he would probably ask for authority to assign industrial workers to "specific tasks." A few days later word was given out that even the proposed voluntary registration of women might be put off for some time. Still more recently, John J. Corson, director of the Bureau of Employment Security in McNutt's Federal Security Agency, predicted the establishment of a clear-cut national program for the orderly recruitment, training, and placement of the country's *total labor force*. The discrepancy between these various statements is probably more apparent than real. There is a strong disposition in Washington to avoid an outright draft of labor. Yet at the same time it is becoming generally recognized that some degree of compulsion will have to be introduced if our available man-power is to be used in the most efficient way. It is probable that a program can be worked out that will avoid the appearance of a "labor draft" but will nevertheless involve selective placement of workers in industry in accordance with a system of "labor priorities" worked out by the Man-Power Commission. Our only fear is that the program will be piecemeal, and that the commission will not have the courage to see to it that every man and woman is making his or her maximum contribution to the war effort.

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THE EFFECT OF STATE TRADE BARRIERS IN hampering war production has prompted the President to summon representatives of the forty-eight states to a conference on May 5 to discuss means of eliminating these obstacles. Most of the domestic trade walls are an outgrowth of the depression. To an increasing extent during the later years of the crisis states sought to "protect" their citizens by imposing restrictions on goods and services originating outside the state. Perhaps the most serious were the diverse regulations governing the size and weight of motor vehicles. In recent months these have operated to delay the interstate transportation of vital war materials. The Commerce Department also points out that twenty-seven states have anti-migratory laws and twenty-five have "settlement" laws which tend to impede the movement of workers to defense centers. Lack of uniformity in licensing provisions for professional workers has also hampered the movement of doctors, dentists, and engineers to areas where they are badly needed. Economists have long been calling attention to the need for eliminating these and other discrepancies in our state laws, but in normal times little could be achieved because of the power of intrenched local interests. At this moment, however, the President can count on almost unanimous support for any measure that will increase war production.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS LIBERALIZED ITS by-laws last week with a view to easing the entry of new members and then proceeded to defend monopoly, apparently in the name of freedom of the press, by voting down the application of the Chicago *Sun*. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, hailed this action by saying he hoped it meant "that the Gestapo is out of American newspaper offices forever." His reference, with its nice mixture of venom and ignorance, was to the fact that the Department of Justice had informed the Associated Press that its old by-laws constituted a restraint of trade since they operated to prevent the admission of direct competitors of existing members. It is to be noted, however, that a special committee of the A. P. which investigated the question found that amendment would also be desirable on other grounds. "We are persuaded," its report stated, "that among the membership there is growing recognition that limitations on the availability of our news service has only served to build the effectiveness of competitive services and is therefore undesirable." Under the old rules, which the Department of Justice questioned, a four-fifths vote of the membership was required for the election of a new applicant against whom original members in the same field had exercised their "right of protest." Hereafter a new member can be elected by a simple majority, provided competitors are compensated for the dilution of their rights. It was under this new rule that the Chicago *Sun* was turned down after a representative of the Chicago *Tribune* had scared the assembled publishers by arguing that "any rich man would be willing to start a paper in competition with yours in any city if he knew in advance it would cost him very little."

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TWO MEMBERS OF THE DIES COMMITTEE appeared before the House Accounts Committee to criticize the loose and irresponsible way the Texan runs his snoop-and-smear agency, but $110,000 has nevertheless been granted the committee for another year. These two Representatives, Voorhis and Casey, may offer a resolution at the next meeting of the Dies committee to prevent the chairman and J. B. Matthews from acting without consulting other members, but there is not much chance of its passage. Representatives Eliot and Marcantonio will no doubt continue to criticize Dies from the floor, but if the Texan is to be stopped, laborites and liberals will have to organize now, not wait until a few weeks before his request for a new appropriation comes up next year. Attorney General Biddle, in the announcement of a new interdepartmental committee to pass on cases of alleged subversive activity by federal employees, threw some light on the quality of Dies committee charges. Of Dies's famous list of 1,122 subversive characters in the government service, 301 turned out to be members of organizations the FBI does not regard as

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subversive, 46 were employed by non-federal government agencies, 57 were not employed by the government, and in 7 cases the charges were based on evidence too meager even to provide the starting-point for an investigation. The FBI declared that of 2,990 other officials reported to it as subversive, 782 were not government officials at all.

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THE WAR DEPARTMENT OWES THE COUNTRY an explanation of the mysterious inquiry into the Industrial Section of its Public Relations Bureau. This section, headed by Colonel L. Robert Ginsburgh, seems to be one of the few in either the War or Navy Department which appreciate the importance of good relations with labor in the war effort. Colonel Ginsburgh is a West Pointer with two decades of service in the army, and has made many friends in both labor and industry. Recent tours on which he took labor leaders resulted in a great deal of favorable publicity for the army in the labor press. The man assigned to investigate Colonel Ginsburgh's division is H. E. Harrell, former personnel expert for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is notoriously insistent on the open shop. The background of this inquiry is, we suspect, the usual indifference to labor on the part of brass hats and hostility to unionism on the part of officers recently recruited from big business. Under Secretary of War Patterson has on several occasions shown that he has more understanding of the labor problem than the average War Department bureaucrat. We hope he will block the attempt to abolish Ginsburgh's section.

The President's Message

THE seven-point anti-inflation program outlined by the President to Congress carries the war into the home of every American citizen. If the President's program is adopted, the well-to-do face a ceiling of $25,000 in personal income, together with drastic increases in personal and corporate taxes. Workers will forgo wage increases even where a raise may be overdue owing to the rising cost of living. Merchants face an over-all ceiling on the prices of their goods. Farmers are asked to drop their efforts to push the prices of agricultural commodities above parity levels. Everyone must expect more rationing, additional restrictions on instalment buying, and the necessity for increasing their purchases of war bonds.

In contrast to the piecemeal efforts that have so far been made to control inflation, the strength of the President's program lies in its broad scope. It recognizes that the checking of inflation calls for much more than mere price control. In fact, the President had very little to say about price control as such. He was interested primarily in measures which have as their purpose the mopping up of excess purchasing power. This, of course, is sound strategy, even though its implications are not generally understood.

Congress may try to whittle down part of the program. This must not be allowed. As they stand, the seven points represent an irreducible minimum if the upward spiral of prices is to be checked. It cannot be denied that the program is a harsh one. There will be howls and sustained opposition from many interested groups. But only harsh measures can possibly succeed at this time. Inflation has already begun. As the President pointed out, living costs have advanced 15 per cent since the beginning of the war in 1939. Our experience in the last war shows that inflation always gets under way gradually. But once it is started, it moves in geometric progression as the gap widens between rising consumer incomes resulting from ever-increasing war expenditures and the declining supply of civilian goods on the market.

Under the influence of a business-as-usual psychology, the United States has been slow to take steps to check the spiral. But it is not too late. There is nothing inevitable about war-time inflation. It has been checked in Canada; it has been held within bounds in England. But even a drastic system of price-fixing, wage regulation, and credit restriction such as the President has outlined cannot guarantee us immunity from further price rises. The most rigorous system of price ceilings will break down if the amount of purchasing power in the people's pockets greatly exceeds the volume of goods available in our shops and stores. Rationing is essential, as the President pointed out, for distributing necessities fairly among the population, but it cannot be applied to all commodities and if utilized too widely or too drastically tends to stimulate the development of a black market.

The heart of the President's program, then, is the proposal to take up excess purchasing power by increased taxation. And this is the point at which we may expect the greatest opposition in Congress. The House Ways and Means Committee has had the Treasury's tax plan before it for weeks. While no official explanation for the delay has been given, hints from Washington suggest that the committee is unwilling to adopt either the Treasury's request for increased excess-profits taxes or the proposed boost in the income levy. Yet an application of the President's program will necessitate much higher income and corporation taxes than were originally proposed by the Treasury. Will Congress respond to the emergency, or will it continue to evade the main issue by talking about the forty-hour week and a general sales tax? Much depends on public pressure. So far the public has been fairly apathetic about the matter of inflation. This has been due largely to lack of understanding, which in turn has been due to lack of leadership. The President can do much to remedy these lacks

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through such addresses as his latest fireside talk. But the task is more than one man can carry alone. Despite the sacrifices that must be borne, it is to the interest of every American to see that the program is carried out, and carried out vigorously and completely. Congress must be made to feel that the country is united behind the President.

Tension in the West

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S speech before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association provided a fresh stimulus to the discussion of a new western front. For while most of the previous participants in this debate have been handicapped by lack of knowledge of the chief material factors which must decide the issue, Lord Beaverbrook, who until recently was a member of the British War Cabinet, supposedly is in possession of a good part of the necessary information. His advocacy of a second front in Western Europe was without reservation. He argued, as did Mr. del Vayo in *The Nation* of April 25, that there is "a chance to bring the war to an end here and now. But if the Russians are defeated and driven out of the war, never will such a chance come to us again." And he went on to declare that Britain was now admirably "equipped in weapons of war for directing such an attack on Germany."

Lord Beaverbrook was unquestionably voicing the opinions of the British people in urging an early offensive, but it seems doubtful whether he was speaking for the British government, despite his semi-official position. The London Sunday *Times,* which is usually considered to be a mouthpiece of Whitehall, commented coldly that his speech was "hardly in the category of a service" and added: "We will not be hustled by inopportune pressure from any quarter. Responsible people in this country and the United States are well aware that we shall both resume the offensive in the earliest and best conditions possible."

Bewildering as the debate on the new western front is at times to citizens of the United Nations, we take some comfort in the thought that it must be even more bewildering to Hitler. Clearly, whether by luck or good management, this free-for-all wrangle on matters of grand strategy is playing an increasingly important part in the war of nerves. To the German generals it must seem like a manifestation of democratic insanity, but backed as it is by the threat of the commandos and by the ever heavier blows of the R. A. F., they cannot safely ignore it. So one of the highest officers of the *Wehrmacht,* Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt, has been placed in charge of the defenses of Western Europe from the North Cape to the Spanish border. Garrisons are being reinforced all along the coast, fortifications strengthened, and new efforts made to suppress the peoples of the occupied countries, who offer a constant threat to the German rear. Men and materials are being diverted from the eastern front, where spring advances but the long-threatened offensive still halts.

Hitler's latest speech before the Reichstag betrayed uneasiness and uncertainty about the next move. Once again his audience was treated to a long and inaccurate historical analysis and to stale diatribes against the Jews. But after this introduction came a kind of apologia for the Russian winter campaign, coupled with the ominous assurance that next winter the German army would be better prepared. The most significant part of Hitler's speech, however, was his request "for an explicit indorsement of my legal right to demand of everyone the discharge of his duties or to cashier anyone from his post or office if I consider that he has failed in his duty regardless of who he may be or what acquired rights he may have." The necessity of this demand for additional power for one who has long acted as an absolute dictator is not obvious, but it suggests that there are important unseen forces in Germany opposing the Führer's will and that a new purge is in the making. The phrasing of both the speech and the Reichstag resolution points toward the army as a center of disaffection, for what other German group can be said to have "acquired rights"?

One other point in Hitler's speech is worth noting—his denunciation of the British air raids and his promise of retaliation. The R. A. F., we believe, will take this threat as a signal to heighten its efforts. The present British air offensive has two major aims. It seeks first to smash at German communications and factories in order to hinder the campaign against Russia and, second, so to plague the Reich with bombs and fighter forays that the Luftwaffe will be forced to divert more and more of its strength to the west. The successive batterings of the Baltic port of Rostock serve both objectives. It is a shipment point for the Russian front and the site of the huge Heinkel airplane factory. Both plant and docks seem to have been put out of action for some time, and the inhabitants of the city are reported to be fleeing for refuge.

These attacks have already infuriated the Germans into making two of the biggest raids from which Britain has suffered for months, and it is perhaps significant that these were directed not against factory towns but against two historic cities of a mainly residential character—Exeter and Bath. It is blows like this that Britain is deliberately inviting—while the memory of London, Coventry, and scores of bombed cities is still undimmed—in order to compel Hitler to divide his air strength. Easy critics of Britain's war effort, who have yet to come within 3,000 miles of an air raid, might well ponder this fact.

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Our Slacker Patents

BY I. F. STONE

THE Greeks and Romans had a motto, "Nothing too much." Our Communist friends follow the opposite rule. "Everything too much" seems to mark each of their shifts in policy. In pursuit of national unity the *Daily Worker* on April 24 published an editorial, American Monopolies and the War, which must have made pleasant reading for Standard Oil of New Jersey. The *Daily Worker* accused *The Nation* and the *New Republic* of naivete in their attitude toward recent cartel and patent revelations. "It is true," the editorial said, "that certain American monopolies did pursue an earlier policy of pro-Fascist appeasement. . . . But it is also true ["on the other hand," as we liberals are accused of saying] that the wreckage of this Munichism and the peril it created for the very existence of the whole country, including these monopoly corporations, did result in a transformation into an opposite policy." The editors of the *Worker* might be left to enjoy this pipe-dream undisturbed if it did not represent a view held far too widely in Washington, a view that is the basis of the current campaign to put Thurman Arnold in the doghouse for the duration. A few observations are in order.

1. Pearl Harbor came in December. Standard Oil did not make its butyl-rubber formula available until March. It did so then under threat of anti-trust prosecution by Thurman Arnold. This is the same formula which was made available to I. G. Farben in 1938 on the ground of "business honor." The same officials of Standard Oil remain in office and are doing their best to keep butyl production in the hands of their own company.

2. There has been no "transformation into an opposite policy." The du Ponts have yet to pool their neoprene-rubber patent with the Buna and butyl patents. This policy, this reluctance to give up precious formulas and trade secrets even in defense of our country, does not derive from "Munichism." It derives from the nature of monopolistic business. These businesses did not aid the enemy because they liked Nazism. They aided the enemy, and still aid him, because their interests demand restricted production.

3. Whatever may be the long-range merits of capitalism as opposed to socialism, or the value of trust-busting, the fact remains that without a vigorous agency like Arnold's anti-trust division these secret agreements cannot be exposed or the formulas made available for use in the war. The fact that Standard Oil did not voluntarily pool its butyl patents after Pearl Harbor, that du Pont has yet to place neoprene and other patents at the disposal of the war program is proof of that. There must be a policeman on the beat, and the only policeman available is Arnold's anti-trust division. Almost everywhere else in Washington big business writes its own ticket.

4. The evil is constant and exists in little business as well as big. Only a few weeks ago production of eighty planes in one plant and of twenty flying fortresses in another was delayed and the entire assembly line in a third shut down for lack of a single type of screw, on which the Dzus Fastener Company holds a patent. Complaint was made to the anti-trust division by a manufacturer of metal parts for aircraft who wanted to produce these screws but was afraid of a patent-infringement suit.

5. Fear of anti-trust prosecution and of the unpleasant publicity attendant on exposure has brought down the price of tungsten carbide and forced companies to accept consent decrees in synthetic rubber and magnesium. These decrees are weak enough. One wonders how we get any consent decrees at all when the companies feel that they can escape prosecution, as General Electric has done in the Carboloy case, by pleading that their officials are too busy with war work.

6. The President has seized foreign patents, but his action does not solve the problem of domestic patents. The War Patents bill, written by the Department of Justice, requires special administrative action for each domestic patent the government would take for its own use or subject to compulsory licensing. This is cumbersome. If big-business executives are too busy to stand trial on anti-trust charges, have the President and his aides the leisure to go through special procedure every time a patent is needed for the war effort?

7. The Administration can seize any patent it wants; the actual text of the War Powers acts may not fully support it, but public opinion will. The Administration can break the back of any monopoly at any time through the RFC or the Treasury by financing a competing business. Can an Administration which lacks the vitality to use the powers it has, which leaves monopolists and friends of monopoly in key positions, be trusted to correct patent evils by special administrative action? I, for one, do not think so.

8. Why not provide for compulsory licensing of all patents and allow any business man to manufacture any product for which there is increased demand, like the Dzus fastener? Pending the growth of a more vigorous spirit on the part of the Administration in dealing with property rights which hamper the war effort, compulsory licensing would at least have the virtue of throwing open patents in every field to business enterprise. Let those who talk of the benefits of free enterprise prove their sincerity by allowing the normal forces of the free market to act as a solvent on our patent monopolies.

9. Finally, is there anyone naive enough to believe that the business men who formed combinations despite the Sherman Act and continued them with enemy countries despite the war will be less likely to continue these practices if fear of prosecution is removed?

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Our Consuls at Work

BY VARIAN FRY

LISBON, August, 1940. The consul general at Lisbon resented interference by private citizens like me, and made no bones about admitting it.

"Each applicant must stand on his own feet, Mr. Fry," he said. "I advise you to concern yourself strictly with relief and leave the visa question entirely to us."

* * *

Schiaparelli got her visa at the American embassy in Paris. Later the State Department cabled the consulates canceling all visas issued before June 7. When Schiaparelli reached Lisbon, the vice-consul renewed her visa immediately, and she sailed to the United States.

The sister of a prominent French Popular Front leader came to Lisbon on the same day as Schiaparelli, with exactly the same visa. She had to wait six weeks before she could get her visa renewed. The vice-consul asked her to produce one document after another: first, an affidavit proving that she had a permanent residence in the unoccupied zone; then a *certificat de bonne vie et moeurs*—little more than a guaranty that she was not a prostitute and usually based on the opinion of a concierge; then a transcript of her police record, if any.

After more than a month spent in the waiting-room of the American consulate, without even a chair to sit on, she decided that her visa would never be renewed. She went to the Cuban consulate. The Cuban consul, an old pockmarked Indian, received her so courteously that she burst into tears.

It was another two weeks before the American vice-consul finally renewed her visa. When she asked him why he had renewed Schiaparelli's so promptly and held hers up so long, he said: "Oh, Schiaparelli will make millions in the United States."

* * *

The vice-consul in charge of visas had his own ideas about who should be admitted to the United States and who should not. I showed him my list. One of the first names on it was Lion Feuchtwanger.

"If that man should come to me and ask for a visa," the vice-consul said, "I'd refuse it. He put on a regular song and dance about the Soviet Union a few years ago. We don't want his kind in the United States."

* * *

A German rabbi had obtained an immigration visa in Berlin on May 8. An immigration visa is valid for three months, and you are all right if you get on a boat bound for the United States before it expires. It took this man many weeks to get out of Germany. He arrived in Lisbon late in July and got a reservation on the S.S. Excambion, leaving Lisbon for New York on August 8—exactly three months from the day his visa was issued. But the vice-consul wouldn't let him get on the boat. He insisted that the visa had expired at midnight of the seventh, and nothing would move him to give the man the benefit of the doubt, or renew his visa as he had Schiaparelli's. The poor rabbi had to watch the Excambion sail without him, while the consulate at Lisbon called for his *dossier* from the consulate at Berlin. It was another three months before his visa was renewed.

* * *

One of the vice-consuls at Lisbon received applicants with his feet on his desk, pipe in mouth. He never got up from his chair, even for women. Applicants stood for hours in the waiting-room, stood again while the vice-consuls were questioning them. One woman swore she had paid an American consular employee $12 to get a seat after five hours of standing.

* * *

Marseilles, August, 1940. After lunch I went to the American consulate. The woman behind the desk on the second floor had bleached hair, deep blue eyelids, and an unnatural sparkle in her eyes. I said I had come to see the consul about visas. She gave me a slip of paper with an address typed on it and told me to go downstairs and take a trolley marked "Montredon."

The car was already full when I got in. I could see that more than half the passengers were refugees.

The trolley took us along the broad Avenue du Prado to the sea, then turned left and followed the Mediterranean coast for fifteen or twenty minutes. It was a hot August afternoon. Landscape and climate reminded me of Greece. Arid gray limestone hills, closely packed beach houses, umbrella pines, date palms, dry heat, dust.

At Montredon the car stopped and everybody got off. The way to the visa division led up a long drive lined by plane trees. Under the trees there were narrow irrigation ditches. The refugees hurried ahead, stirring up a cloud of chokey dust as they walked. I lagged behind, glad of the shade and the comforting, cool sound of the water running down the ditches toward the sea.

When I reached the big brick house at the end of the drive a large crowd of refugees were already there. They filled the benches in the waiting-room and spilled out on the porch. I went inside and stood at the open door of the big center room. A dog-faced young man came up and frowned at me.

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"What do you mean, trying to get ahead of the others?" he said in French. "Go back to your place and wait your turn."

I explained that I was an American citizen come to inquire about the visas of some refugees my committee was interested in.

His manner changed abruptly.

"Oh, excuse me, sir." He was speaking English now, and sweetly. "I didn't know you were an American. If you'll come inside," he said, leading me into the big office and offering me a chair in front of a large office desk, "I'll take your card to Mr. ——."

I had waited ten minutes when a vice-consul came up to the desk. "What are you doing here?" he barked. "Get back to the waiting-room where you belong."

I decided to see how refugees were treated, and got up without saying a word. In the waiting-room I waited two hours. Then I went back to Marseilles and called the consul on the telephone. He gave me an appointment for the following day.

It was my first experience with the American Foreign Service in Vichy France.

* * *

Vichy, November, 1940. One of the Quaker workers has turned up a particularly virulent case of anti-Semitism at the embassy. She was having a conversation with one of the secretaries.

"I hope you're not helping Jews get into the United States," he said.

"What would you do with them?" she asked.

He hunched his shoulders in the position of a man holding a submachine-gun.

"Ptt-ptt-ptt-ptt-ptt," he said.

* * *

Nice, December, 1940. The young vice-consul in charge of visas here is fond of trick questions. A few weeks ago he put this one to a German Jew from the camp of Gurs: "What would you do if you were admitted to the United States and someone asked you to do something against the interests of the Italian or German government?"

The man from Gurs thought a moment. "I would do what was in the interests of the United States," he said.

"Visa refused," the vice-consul snapped. "We don't want anyone in the United States who is going to mix up in politics."

Bewildered and heartbroken, the man went back to Gurs. He is still there, still wondering why his answer was wrong.

* * *

Marseilles, April, 1941. The vice-consul had received a telegram from the State Department authorizing him to give a visa to Léon Jouhaux.

"What do you know about this guy Jouhaux?" he asked.

I said that Jouhaux had been secretary general of the Confédération Générale du Travail, the A. F. of L. of France.

"What is he," the vice-consul asked, "a William Green or a John L. Lewis? If he's a Lewis, we don't want him."

* * *

Marseilles, May, 1941. I had come to see the vice-consul about Largo Caballero's visa.

"Who's Caballero?" he asked.

I explained that he had been Prime Minister of Spain.

"Oh," the vice-consul said, "one of those reds."

I told him that Caballero had been an uncompromising enemy of the Communists.

"Well," the vice-consul said, "it doesn't make any difference to me what his politics are. If he had any political views at all, we don't want him. We don't want any agitators in the United States. We've got too many of them already."

* * *

Marseilles, Spring, 1941. R—— has been transferred to Lisbon, and the new man in charge of visas is young and inexperienced. This is his first post. Afraid of making mistakes, he tries to solve his problems by refusing visas whenever he can. I decided to test him out. Today I talked to him about just two cases, both women. One was a German Social Democratic underground worker. She had a good affidavit. The other was the Countess X. She had no affidavit at all.

R—— refused to give a visa to the German political refugee.

"How do I know she won't do underground work in the United States if I let her in?" he asked.

But when I mentioned the Countess X, he became sweet as honey.

"Oh, I'm sure there'll be no difficulty about *her* visa," he said. "Just tell her to come in any time she wants to and ask to see me personally. I'll fix her up right away."

He didn't even ask what the Countess's politics were. She got her visa a few days later.

* * *

Madrid, September, 1941. At Madrid the consulate and the embassy are in the same building. I went to the consulate to get my passport renewed. The man and the woman in the small office off the hall were discussing a movie, in Spanish. They seemed to have nothing whatever to do. I waited for them to finish their conversation. Then I told them what I wanted.

"You'll have to see the consul about that," the man said. "Won't you sit down? I think he'll be along in a minute."

I sat down and began to thumb idly through a copy of the American Foreign Service magazine. The roly-poly face of Herbert Hoover looked down at me from the wall. There was no portrait of President Roosevelt.

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Suddenly the consul came in. A heavy-set man of about fifty, he was like a nervous hostess a few minutes before her guests arrive. "Let me see," he said to himself. "What *was* it I came in here for? Oh, yes, of course." He went to a shelf, took down a large volume, and turned the pages over in bunches, at random.

"This man wants to have his passport renewed," the clerk said.

The consul put the book down. "What did you say your name was?" he asked.

I hadn't said anything yet, but I told him.

"Oh dear," he said. "You're the man who was put out of France. I know. What are you doing *here?*"

I explained that my passport had expired, and that I didn't want to risk traveling with it until it had been renewed.

"Good gracious," he said. "I don't know what I can do about *that*. I really don't. I'll have to cable the department for authority."

At that moment the door on the porte-cochère opened, and a man in clerical clothes came into the hall.

"Oh, good morning, good morning," the consul said, rushing out to the hall to greet him. "I'm so glad to see you, so glad to see you. *Do* come into my office."

Both men disappeared through another door, and the stenographer, the clerk, and I settled down to enjoy the silence. The clerk made careful impressions of all his rubber stamps, one after the other, on a large piece of white paper. The stenographer brushed the dust off the keys of her typewriter. I returned to the American Foreign Service magazine. It was half-past eleven in the morning.

Fifteen minutes later the consul returned. "Now, let's see, where were we?" he asked. Then, answering himself, "Oh, yes, oh, yes, your passport. Let me have it, won't you?"

I took it out of my pocket and gave it to him. It was an old red passport.

"You don't mean to tell me you've been traveling on this?" he asked. "These passports were taken up months ago."

I said that for some reason which I didn't understand the consulate at Marseilles had renewed my old red passport instead of giving me a new green one, as it had everyone else.

"Well, now, really," the consul said, looking over the passport page by page, "really I don't know quite *what* to do. If I cable the department you'll have to wait several days in Madrid. Meanwhile you're very likely to be arrested. But unless I get special authority from the department I can't renew your passport. Oh dear, this *is* a tangle, isn't it?"

He put down the passport and picked up the book. Then he put down the book and picked up the passport.

"Besides," he said, "there isn't any room in this passport for an extension. You haven't a single blank page left. Have you got your Portuguese visa?"

As I couldn't have entered Spain unless I had had a Portuguese visa, I thought it unnecessary to answer this.

"Oh, yes, here it is," the consul said. He was looking at the old visa I had got at Marseilles a year before. "Well, now, let me see, what *shall* we do about this?"

He turned to the stenographer. "I think you had better make out an application for extension," he said.

The stenographer got up from her desk and went to a file. She took out three copies of a long printed form. Then she returned to her desk, inserted pieces of carbon paper between the forms, and put them in her machine.

The consul left the room. He came back when we had finished the forms. "Finished?" he asked. "Let me see them." The stenographer gave him the forms.

"No, I really don't think," he murmured to himself. "I really haven't the authority to do this in your case." He paused for a long moment. Then he said: "Why don't I just write in your passport that it's valid another two weeks? That will give you time to get back to the States, surely?"

I said that that would depend on how soon I could get a place on the Clipper.

"Well," he said, "at least it will give you time to get to Lisbon. They can worry about it there. I'm sure I don't know why *I* should be bothered with this problem."

He was writing on the bottom of a page of the passport as he talked. "Madrid, September 10, 1941. This passport is valid for fifteen (15) days from this date. Signed: —— ——, American Consul."

"There," he said, handing the passport back to me. "That ought to do to get you to Lisbon. These Spanish border officials can't read English anyway."

* * *

New York, December, 1941. The consul was explaining the shortcomings of the consulate over a glass of beer.

"I did the best I could, but I had a pretty poor staff," he said. "There was old C——. He was good-natured but lazy as they make them. He hated nothing as much as work. Then there was W——. He was a little old maid, fussy and petty. I could never get him to take responsibility for anything. T—— drank too much and ran up debts. He used to come into the office drunk almost every afternoon. P—— was a faithful work horse, slow but steady. He'll never advance in the service, and he knows it. R—— is a flighty youngster, undependable. Altogether, I didn't have much support, did I?"

He took a sip of beer.

"But as H—— G—— said to me," he continued; "H—— G—— was our chargé d'affaires, you know. He came up to the consulate once and looked over the staff. "'Well, Frank,' he said, 'you've certainly got a cross-section of the American Foreign Service here.'"

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Attrition Works Both Ways

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IN THE present world conflict we are reminded of Aesop's fable of the four donkeys which, threatened by a neighborhood lion, managed to preserve themselves by staying together and presenting a united front. The lion, being a clever fellow, induced them to disagree and separate, and each was then easily killed.

Today, after a score of countries have been struck down by fascist aggression, the four chief United Nations that remain are clearly in the position of the four donkeys. Yet the recent visit of General Marshall and Harry Hopkins to London indicates strongly that after months of war the two nations most closely united are still not agreed on fundamental strategy.

Reporters have guessed that the London talks dealt with the chances of an immediate Allied offensive in Europe. The Churchill government on many occasions has expressed opposition to such a plan because of the unpreparedness of British troops and the risks involved. British troops have, in fact, been trained mainly for the purpose of defending Britain, and there is not the slightest sign that the Churchill government has considered the forces and strategy that will be necessary actually to win the war. American army officers, on the contrary, have never contemplated an unending and indecisive defensive and are under few illusions regarding the necessity of beating Hitler in Europe.

Whether even a minor offensive in Europe could be supplied by American merchant shipping which can fulfil less than 50 per cent of other present requirements is a matter of the gravest doubt. Yet the strong Russian stand is furnishing us with an unrivaled opportunity to intervene on the Continent. Further, if the coming German offensive against the Soviet Union reaches the Caucasus, thereby enabling the Reich to replenish its rapidly dwindling oil reserves and possibly crippling the Red Army, the chance of defeating Germany within many years, if at all, will probably have vanished.

In the absence of a single policy for achieving victory, the common denominator of Allied war plans is the war of attrition—wearing away the enemy's strength in men, planes, and ships in order to take the punch out of his blows. That this course can alone never achieve decisive results goes without saying; today as always only the offensive can win a war. The enemy also uses attrition, and in addition has been able to conduct powerful and successful offensives.

The greatest recent losses on both sides have occurred in the western Pacific. In the naval fighting in the Bay of Bengal Japan followed the policy of countering Allied sea power with its own less costly airplanes. The loss of valuable British and American dreadnaughts, heavy cruisers, and a plane carrier stamps this Japanese effort as an unqualified success.

Japan's purpose also obliged it to risk its warships within close bombing range of Allied shore bases. The risks proved worth taking, though had the Japanese ships been opposed by either more sea power or more air power the results might have been different. After the sinking of the Haruna and the destruction of British battleships in the Far East, the enemy adopted the plan of using cruiser escorts for convoys. These ships are almost unprotected against aerial bombings, and if American submarine and plane commanders have been even approximately right in their reports, the Japanese have lost at least a fourth of their pre-war cruiser fleet and suffered minor losses in other classes of ships.

However, after more than four months of attrition warfare the picture shows a clear Japanese advantage. The Japanese battle fleet has been preserved largely intact, while the Americans and British have each lost two irreplaceable dreadnaughts, and the margin of their naval dominance has been thereby gravely reduced. The American Asiatic fleet has ceased to exist, and save for submarines, Allied naval units in the southwest Pacific have been practically eliminated. Further, though Japan's losses have been heavy, they have not greatly affected its strength for an ultimate naval showdown. And in return the Japanese have gained all their strategic objectives, whereas the Allies have had only defeats.

On land the campaign of attrition has been even more in Japan's favor. No figures are available, but Japanese casualties in transport sinkings and in the Philippine fighting have probably been around 100,000 men. This is not too large a price for an unchecked string of victories, enormous gains of territory, at least 200,000 enemy prisoners, and an unknown number of the enemy killed. With the achievement of each success Japanese pressure on other fronts has been increased.

It is only in the air that the figures of losses run in our favor. Qualitatively, both our personnel and our planes have proved enormously superior to those of Japan, and we have inflicted losses of at least four or five to one. Japanese naval bombing has been excellent, but the army's plane work has been very poor.

On the opposite side of the world the situation is less clear. In the past three months the Germans have kept

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up a successful U-boat offensive in the Atlantic which has prevented our gaining much ground in the building of the new tonnage that is absolutely essential to ultimate victory. We are today accumulating war materials and training men far more rapidly than we can transport troops to the field of battle and keep them supplied with the tools of war. Thus we are deprived of the opportunity to use our full war potential.

Germany has had economic difficulties, though perhaps not in the degree that American wishful thinkers believe. The Nazis have deliberately chosen to starve subject populations in order to hold famine at arm's length at home. Reports of an approaching German oil shortage have been so persistent and have come from such apparently reliable sources as to deserve some credence.

In the Battle of Russia both sides have lost enormous numbers of men and vast quantities of material, with the Russians standing somewhat ahead of the Germans in both their losses and their ability to make replacements. For neither, have the losses of man-power reached a high enough level to cripple military efficiency, though Germany is already short of workers in its war industries. The hour of decision on this most vital front of the war, the only one where the odds even remotely favor the United Nations, is not far ahead.

Two aerial campaigns are of special interest. The British attacks upon northern France and eastern Germany are being made so regularly and with such large forces of planes that their objective may be to feel out German resistance in preparation for an attack by land. If it is, then the relatively small losses so far suffered and the weakness of enemy resistance should be encouraging.

The beginning of direct air attacks upon Japanese cities was probably hastened by Japan's wide dispersal of force to the south. Tempting as these cities are as bombing targets, we should not overestimate the military significance of the raids. Their chief value, indeed, was in raising American and Allied morale. We must have either many more plane carriers or closer land bases before we can hit Japan with sufficient regularity and force to bring vital results. But the raids were the type of action that must be greatly extended and intensified if we are to win the war.

Words Are Triggers

AN OPEN LETTER TO ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

DEAR ARTHUR: You write me protesting against a "new policy of the Department of Justice in bringing prosecutions for opinion alone." You ask me to join the protest which you, as counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, have made. But I support the actions of the Department of Justice. Hence I cannot accede to your request.

This may surprise you, for you remember, as I do, that from the same platform we have together championed the constitutional right of freedom of speech, opposed censorship and suppression of opinion—even of that we hate. Remembering this collaboration, admiring your many valiant fights for civil liberties, recalling A. Mitchell Palmer's witch hunting, but mindful also of Mr. Biddle's liberalism, I felt it my duty, before taking sides, to examine what you called "opinion alone." That survey persuades me you have fallen into error.

Three men to whom you refer in your letter of protest as being prosecuted for "opinion alone" are George W. Christians, Robert Noble, Ellis O. Jones. From their utterances—as reported in *Life* and the New York *Herald Tribune*—I select a few bits which, I confess, cause me astonishment at your definition of "opinion."

George W. Christians, founder and commander of the fascist "Crusader White Shirts," is accused of having distributed handbills to our soldiers at Fort Oglethorpe and Camp Forrest. I quote a few words. "Now we are to give up our lives for the Delusion of Grandeur of a Merciless Monster Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Some neck—for a Rope." "What are we fighting for? Do we die for dollar domination?"

Noble and Jones operated in Southern California—a military zone which has been shelled by the Japanese. "The Japanese have a right to Hawaii . . . I would rather be in the war on the side of Germany than on the side of the British," says Jones, chief of the "National Copperheads." "Our country has not been attacked . . . Japan has done a good job in the Pacific . . . we are for Germany and for Hitler," says Noble. A Hitlerian rabble rouser, he incites a meeting to "impeach" a wax-faced dummy of President Roosevelt. "Friends of Progress"—a Jones-Noble outfit—held weekly meetings in an auditorium through March of this year. Their handbills offered advice on "how you can individually (legally) keep out of the war effort." Noble repeatedly praised "the Axis powers because they are the liberators of the world"; proclaimed that "MacArthur and his men are not heroes but fools"; that "Germany and Mr. Quisling are doing a fine job of liberating the Norwegians from the aggressions of England"; that the Japanese bombing

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of Pearl Harbor was "the proper thing." The Noble-Jones bulletin, *Copperhead Notes*, refers to "General MacArthur's desertion of his troops in the field."

Enough. The point need not be labored. Are these quotations correct? If so, I ask whether you seriously hold that they are mere expressions of "opinion alone." Such words are more aptly described in Judge Learned Hand's notable epigram, "Words are triggers of action." To Oliver Wendell Holmes they were sedition; to Lincoln they sounded more like treason. Such words bring to mind a famous letter to Erastus Corning in 1863. In reply to weasel-worded resolutions "to sustain the cause of the Union" but chiefly to censure Lincoln for unconstitutional arrests, Lincoln pointed to those citizens who "hoped to keep on foot amongst us a most efficient corps of spies, informers, etc," and declared that "he who dissuades one man from volunteering, or induces one soldier to desert, weakens the Union cause as much as he who kills a Union soldier in battle." Lincoln knew the perils of his time.

Biddle knows the present peril. The spies, informers, saboteurs, and their abettors, the Fifth Columns, Shirters, Fascists, Bunds and Nazis, and their dupes, have for years deluged this country so that Hitler might divide and conquer. *Quo usque tandem?* How long shall we endure? I refer you to the Milligan case.

That celebrated decision, rendered by the Supreme Court immediately after the close of the Civil War, is chiefly remembered because it freed Milligan from a death sentence imposed in 1864 by a Military Commission sitting in Indiana. The court, eloquently sustaining civil liberties, held that because there was not actual warfare in Indiana, Milligan was constitutionally entitled to trial in the civil court. Let us recall also, however, that the court pointedly set forth the proper methods of dealing with those who in war time attempt to obstruct war efforts. "If it was dangerous," says the court, "in the distracted condition of affairs, to leave Milligan unrestrained . . . the *law* said arrest him, confine him closely, render him powerless to do further mischief; and then present his case to the grand jury of the district with proofs of his guilt, and if indicted, try him. . . ." The course thus charted is, I submit, precisely that which Biddle follows.

In your protest to the Attorney General you stand on Justice Holmes's famous 1918 opinion in *Schenck* v. *United States*. So do I. Let us look at that case. Writing the Supreme Court's unanimous opinion, that Civil War veteran (he knew war), that great defender of civil liberties, laid down the principle: freedom of speech can be suppressed when it creates "a clear and present danger." Read those words with your eyes open to the world of today. Read them in conjunction with other statements contained in that great opinion. They demonstrate that what Biddle is doing is precisely what Holmes thought lawful and necessary in time of war. Read Holmes's description of the defendant Schenck's circular. Schenck is mild when set beside Noble, Christians, and Jones.

Discussing the inevitable effect of Schenck's circular, Holmes says: "We do not see what effect it could be expected to have upon persons subject to the draft except to obstruct the carrying of it out." Apply that test to the utterances of Christians *et al.* Proof of actual effects such as the "impeaching" of the President by the Noble-Jones mass-meeting was not required by Holmes. Today plenty of such proof must be in Mr. Biddle's hands. The rabble rousers have long been spreading their poison. Holmes points out that "in ordinary times the defendants . . . would have been within their constitutional rights." (Are these ordinary times, Arthur?) He reminds us that it is the "tendency and the intent" that count. (Is there any doubt as to the tendency and intent of the utterances I have quoted?) Holmes cautions us that "the most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting 'fire' in a theater." (Is not that just what Christians, Coughlin, *et al.* are doing in this theater of world war?) Facing grim realities, Holmes summed up the matter: "When a nation is at war, many things that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to its effort that their utterance will not be endured so long as men fight . . . no court could regard them as protected by any constitutional right."

Until months after Pearl Harbor Biddle held to the position to which prior to war you and I adhered. But you shut your eyes to the grimmer realities of today; to the fact that this is war; that as never before the danger is present, the danger is clear. Do you forget the tons of Nazi propaganda dumped for a decade into this country? Do you forget Goebbels's boast that conquest of the United States is an "inside job"? Too late Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France learned that words are bullets as well as triggers. Let us not be the victims of too little and too late.

Biddle himself has laid down a sound rule which shows that we may give him our full trust and faith. "Free speech," he said, "ought not to be restricted . . . unless it clearly appears that such speech would cause direct and dangerous interference with the conduct of the war." That is good, sound, patriotic, American horse sense. It is not the credo of the witch hunter; neither is it that of a sleepwalker. As Holmes well put the matter, it is "a question of proximity and degree." Biddle has the facts. He knows, as neither you nor I can fully know, the extent of the danger, its degree, its proximity. Let us stand by him. JAMES N. ROSENBERG

[*Mr. Rosenberg's open letter has been submitted to Arthur Garfield Hays, consul for the American Civil Liberties Union, who will answer it in next week's issue.* – EDITORS THE NATION.]

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The Politics of Attack

BY NORMAN ANGELL

FROM every quarter now comes the proclamation of the key principle of victory—offense. We must take the offensive or be defeated. Particularly from Russia do we get the warning that if we remain on the defensive, leaving offense and its initiative to the enemy, we invite the utter destruction of the whole Allied cause.

So be it. But if we are to equal and beat the enemy in the effectiveness of his military offensive, the rapidity and sweep of his strategic initiative, we must equal and beat him in his political offensives too; one is impossible without the other. If we stand upon the political principles we have proclaimed heretofore, we cannot act with the promptitude of an enemy that does not admit neutrality. Recognition of this fact raises the question whether our attitudes, which happen to be militarily disastrous, are in truth the outcome of moral rectitude or moral confusion. In the interest of effective strategy now and effective post-war organization we should face the ethical questions even if we do not entirely answer them.

Recall the facts which have enabled the enemy at almost no military cost whatever to establish himself in vitally important strategic positions from which he can now be dislodged only at immense sacrifice of life. Quite early in the war Britain knew, everyone knew, that Germany would sooner or later, by an advance through the Low Countries and Scandinavia, attempt to outflank the Maginot Line and secure air and submarine bases upon the Atlantic for an attack upon Allied sea communications. The threatened countries were urged, implored, to cooperate with Britain and France in a well-prepared scheme of mutual defense. But the lesser states would have nothing to do with such plans. The very discussion of them, they urged, would imperil their neutrality; any partnership with a foreign state would compromise their national independence. The argument seemed to run that while refusal of Allied proposals would not provoke invasion by Britain or France, participation in them would provoke invasion by Germany. Allied scruples were already working enormously to Germany's advantage in that the very knowledge of German aggressiveness was operating to prevent the building up of any effective resistance to it.

It is true that the Allies were told, as Britain is told by Eire today, that their help would be welcome after the German invasion had begun—but not one moment before. Yet it was quite clear to the least instructed that once invasion had begun, it would be far too late to send effective help. We know the outcome: Norway overrun in a few weeks, Holland in ten days; Denmark conquered by telephone; Belgium crushed in confusion and terror. Allied scrupulousness on the point of neutrality did not save these countries; it helped to destroy them. There is something tragically comic in the fact that the British forces which now, as commandos, raid the Norwegian coast and are hailed in every Norwegian heart as an earnest of deliverance from satanic tyranny would have been fought as enemies if they had preceded the Germans by twenty-four hours, or long enough to take over the harbors the Germans now occupy and to mine and fortify them. Had the forces which now, after disaster, are welcomed with such joy come in time to prevent disaster, they would have been fought by the Norwegians themselves in the name of national right, self-determination, independence, neutrality, freedom. As a result Norway has for the time being lost all rights whatsoever, personal and national alike. It has lost them because like others, including Britain and America, it stood by a certain concept of political right which, if maintained by the nations generally, would make the defense of any right a physical impossibility, a concept which has indeed already put the nations of continental Europe at Hitler's mercy.

The end of the story is not yet. For things may so develop that the whole issue of the war may turn upon the promptitude with which a Dakar, a Tunisia, a Madagascar, a Martinique, a Portuguese or a Spanish island is occupied—or a De Gaulle recognized—and the enemy forestalled. (It was reported recently that at one moment a British force could quite easily have forestalled the Japanese in Thailand, but that the British commander did not dare to move for fear of sharp reproof from the home government, which had been emphatic in its insistence that Britain's record must be kept free of any charges of "aggression.")

The nature of the confusion which is still playing its part in hamstringing Allied offensive strategy is illustrated by a recent editorial comment of the *Saturday Evening Post's* (prior to Pearl Harbor) on a letter of Bernard Shaw's anent the problem of the Irish bases. Shaw felt impelled as an Irishman to testify that England had stuck to its bargain about Irish independence "as no other country in the world would have done." He pointed out that "Mr. de Valera is asking Mr. Churchill to imperil his forty million people for the sake of the mere paper neutrality of four million hostile Irishmen." (Had Shaw been writing after Pearl Harbor he might

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have added to the forty million imperiled British a couple of hundred million in the Americas, twice that number in China and the Antipodes, a similar number in India.) Ireland, insisted Shaw, could not be made another Switzerland, adding: "Mr. de Valera says those ports belong to Eire, but the day is gone when any race of people can call its land its own. Those ports belong to Europe, to civilization."

To which the *Post* replied:

> If four million Irishmen have no rights that forty million Englishmen are bound to respect, what rights have forty million Englishmen that eighty million Germans are bound to respect? If the day is gone when people may call their land their own, what is England defending, and what is the war about? Thirdly, if this is liberal ethic and liberal thinking, then liberalism of this cult, as we have suspected before, is morally and intellectually bankrupt.

If the Allies, including America, had in fact and in all cases stood by the principle that the *Post* invokes in behalf of Ireland, the Allied cause would already have been lost. It has been expedient to be scrupulous in respecting the neutrality of Eire, despite the cost in ships and food and lives. But we can hardly pretend that there has been quite the same scruple in the case of Iceland, Greenland, Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Iran, or in the pre-war years Panama, or, still earlier, in the case of a long list of British bases stretching from Gibraltar to the Far East.

A few weeks ago an isolationist publication gave to the arguments of the *Saturday Evening Post* their logical extension. It insisted that this war could never be regarded as a war for freedom until Britain was prepared to give back Gibraltar to Spain and "Ireland to the Irish," to evacuate all other territories which it occupies, and completely to dissolve its empire and liberate "all the people living under its yoke," including the people of the dominions. This has been in some quarters a familiar theme. Assume that Britain had some years since become completely converted to that particular type of political morality—as, indeed, a goodly proportion of the British people had become—and had completely dissolved the empire, evacuating Gibraltar and all the other bases. What would have been the result today? There can be no doubt whatever that if the British people had been as moral as all that, or had been moral in that particular fashion, a Nazi *Gauleiter* or a "Vichy" government would now be ruling in Britain, and every British port, every factory, and most of the British fleet would be in Nazi hands; Africa and India would have fallen long since, and their teeming millions would have been made into tools of Nazi world domination.

Have we, then, been saved from that fate, at least for the time being, by sheer political immorality and wickedness? And do the present battle cries of independence and self-determination and national freedom mean that the organization of the general defense of the nations against a new violence, like that which Hitler has launched, must always be subject to the self-determination of a Gibraltar or an Aden—or an Eire? That the defense of civilization as a whole must always give way to the objection a state may raise to the presence of a foreign naval or air base upon its territory? That the one political impulse which must never be overridden and must always be regarded as sacred is the impulse to isolationism? In that case the future is with Hitler—the present Hitler or another—however this war may end.

The obviousness of this truth—that the Hitlers will always be able to pick off their enemies one by one, and the war fail of its prime object, if we accept our present battle cries at their face value—can hardly be regarded as favorable to a dauntless morale. True, we talk of a new League of Nations, the blueprint of which is presumably going to be so dazzling that nations will discard those emotions of nationalist separatism which we still foster, and which at present no one seems to have the courage to challenge even to the extent of suggesting with any bluntness that we cannot possibly hope to render national rights secure until we have recognized and accepted the obligations by which alone the rights can be defended.

The difficulties of cooperation between independent states is not a new story; it is as old as the failures of Greek city states to achieve it. It is obviously one of the most difficult of all the tasks undertaken by men. If human experience anywhere gives any hint of forces which help toward success in that task, we ought to be ready to use those forces. The League of Nations failed to solve the fundamental problem of mutual aid in resistance to aggression; the members feared, and evaded, the responsibilities of collective defense. They preferred neutrality. But the nations of the much-criticized British Commonwealth—into which so large a part of the empire had been resolved—did not fail in this particular, and the fact is only mentioned here because actual events illustrate a political principle that it is vital just now to understand.

Although Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa had an independence which entitled them to be neutral, none of them chose that course. They were active belligerents more than two years before the United States became one. And it is worth while putting bluntly to ourselves the question: What would have happened if the Parliament of Canada, like that of Eire, had voted for neutrality? Would the fact that a "British" nation on this hemisphere decided to remain out of the war have had no effect on the development of American opinion, on President Roosevelt's task and course, on his two years' fight against isolationism? And could Britain have faced the enemy in Europe alone during more than a

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year if the dominions had repudiated any obligation to come into the fight?

Why did they come in? Why did collective security, which in the case of the members of the League failed so egregiously, succeed in the case of half a dozen nations by no means entirely British, which included important French and Dutch elements? The answer would be too long for a *Nation* article, but a partial explanation is to be found in two facts: Although Britain has laid no statutory obligation on the dominions, it has freely offered them the protection of British power—of the navy, the naval bases, and the coaling stations scattered throughout the world. To accept or benefit by that help obviously involved a corresponding obligation—to give help in return. The obligation has been recognized in the retention by the dominions of a mere symbol, the crown. It was a reminder that the new nations had better hang together if they did not want to be hanged separately by some Hitler or other. Cooperation for security was made a reality by the existence of power at a center, coupled with the recognition that cooperation depended upon the acceptance of reciprocal obligations.

If the United Nations are to fulfil their task, centrally directed power must in this case also be freely offered as the means of security for all those cooperating, in return for their acceptance of the relevant obligations. With the accent on obligation. And of course coercion of those who repudiate the obligation cannot be excluded. No workable human society, no building up of law, has been possible without coercion, a coercion which need not endanger the purposes of the war if we know what we are doing and are not trapped by fallacies similar to those embodied in the *Saturday Evening Post* editorial referred to above.

That passage, with its cocksureness, is worth quoting if only to show how liberalism when applied to the field which now concerns mankind more than any other, the international field, has failed to explain itself to certain very important sections of the public. What has liberalism been doing all these years if the editor of the most widely disseminated magazine in America can consider such an appeal as Shaw's for the fulfilment of obligations indispensable to the defense of any right for anybody, equivalent to the denial of right? Or if it is necessary to explain that anyone who wishes to be sure of calling his land or his property or his soul his own must make his contribution to the apparatus of defense —pay his taxes for police and courts and what not in the domestic field, and fulfil obligations even more onerous still in the too long neglected field of international relations?

Surely it ought not to be necessary at this date to explain that there is a difference between the criminal violence of an individual entering a man's house, killing its owner, and seizing it for the criminal's own evil purposes, between that and the seizure of property under the rule of eminent domain, by virtue of which alone at times the human community can defend itself, can uphold the law which prevents robbery and which alone makes either freedom or order possible.

Laval's Cabinet of Traitors

BY HENRY TORRES AND HAL LEHRMAN

THE political nonentities Pierre Laval has dug out from behind the molding are important not for what they are but for the interests they represent. Individually so obscure that correspondents had to scratch around for a scrap of identifying comment on most of them, the twenty-four assorted ministers, state secretaries, delegates, and commissioners of the new regime form in their constellation the most sinister governmental group in the history of modern France.

That the Cabinet is a sell-out to the Nazis needs no underlining. But the list of the stooges makes two more subtle disclosures. The first is that Laval is not only insuring his own skin by contributing to a Nazi victory but getting the payments on his own insurance. The second is that Pétain and Darlan are as completely under Laval's thumb as Laval is under Hitler's. All the hocus-pocus of the Marshal's supposed contempt for the Auvergnat and the Admiral's hatred of him has been exposed by the magicians themselves.

Laval is an old hand at making money by dealing with the Germans. In 1931, during his first Premiership, he made a famous trip to Berlin with Briand. He spent half his time double-crossing his Foreign Minister and the other half arranging for French investments in the German chemical industry. As Premier, he stuck by his law clients, and one of the best was the great chemical trust of Rhône-Poulenc. But in 1942 Laval has more than chemicals to mix. There is the whole of France's remaining wealth to pillage—and the Banque Worms to help him do it. Pétain allowed this institution to take control of virtually the entire national economy and serve as intermediary for the absorption of France's industries by the Germans. Laval has done even better. He has installed the bank in the Cabinet.

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The House of Worms got its start three-quarters of a century ago. It carried coal to the great world ports, grew fat on coastal trade, fatter on shipbuilding. A boon to the republic's commercial prestige, it was the only French firm in its field to give the British serious competition. Yet Hippolyte Worms, the present dean of the house, used to be a passionate Anglophile. He married an English wife—now in London. His daughter's husband is the son of a high official at the British Foreign Office.

In 1937 the House of Worms opened a banking department. The brains behind this enterprise belonged to one Jacques Barnaud, formerly of the Treasury. His lieutenant was a certain Gabriel Leroy-Ladurie. These two developed a considerable attachment for the political dervish Jacques Doriot, who in a single year—1934-35—had gone all the way from Communist to Fascist. Doriot's Parti Populaire Français was stocked mainly with renegades tossed out of respectable trade unions for graft and other peculations. It was properly mystical about labor's rights, in the approved National Socialist manner, and offered a natural investment for nervous money in the days of the People's Front. Barnaud and Leroy-Ladurie did more than just support the P. P. F.; they moved in and took old Worms along with them.

Pierre Laval

After the armistice Doriot set up his collaborationist shop in Paris. So did Barnaud. Already, at Bordeaux, while Reynaud was still in power, Barnaud, in the name of high finance, had been able to put terrific pressure behind Pétain's campaign for surrender. At the same time Leroy-Ladurie had worked on his friend the Countess de Portes, mistress of the Premier. A grateful Pétain made Barnaud Delegate General for French-German Economic Relations. This meant that he was in charge of turning over French properties to the Nazis, on a commission basis. It remained for Laval to raise Barnaud and his job to Cabinet rank.

Leroy-Ladurie has been rewarded by the gift to his brother Jacques of an even juicier plum—the Ministry of Agriculture and Food Supply, where profit possibilities these days are well-nigh astronomical. Jacques was picked for this post by Laval because he was a big landholder and an old-time henchman of Dorgères, the demagogue of the pro-Nazi Peasant Front.

That makes two for the Banque Worms in the new government, and there are two more. Jacques Guérard, also an ex-Treasury man, after being fired from the directorate of the Banque d'Extrême-Orient, entered the Worms establishment as its agent for insurance companies. After an assignment from Darlan arranging bases for the Nazis in Syria, Guérard turned up in Paris as French insurance Führer. He is now a secretary of state "attached to M. Laval." The last of the Worms quartet is Paul Marion, another Doriotist ex-Communist, ex-editor of *l'Humanité,* pre-war errand boy for the bank abroad—especially in Germany—and currently Vichy's Information chief.

With such a crew at his elbow, it is obvious what course Laval will steer in domestic policy. An anarcho-syndicalist lawyer who made millions by backstairs pleading for big-time swindlers, an ex-Socialist whose last Premiership in 1935 cut the standard of living 10 per cent, Laval outdid even himself in his maiden broadcast as Premier under Hitler: "The workers' world has nothing to fear . . . it is socialism that will be installed. Labor will be protected, honored, magnified." To guarantee this, the new State Secretary for Labor is Hubert Lagardelle, publicly acknowledged by Mussolini as his teacher in social philosophy. Lagardelle is another of those former Socialists, disciples of Sorel's "Reflexions sur la violence," who went in one easy glide from preaching the general strike to a swivel chair in the front office of monopoly capital. To please il Duce, France sent this friend of his revolutionary salad days to the Rome embassy, where Attaché Lagardelle had more power than his ambassador. He was Mussolini's undercover man in the Hoare-Laval deal on Ethiopia, and later kept France from forcing a showdown with Italy until the blackshirts were ready with the dagger and France lay dying. This intimate of Matteotti's assassin is now being paraded as the guardian of wages and hours for French workers.

Hangers-on crowd each other in the new government. Typical of these is Raymond Grasset, State Secretary for Health, an old crony from Laval's Puy-de-Dôme bailiwick. Pierre Cathala, the Finance Minister, has held some kind of job in every Laval cabinet. He paid off in a big way once by getting on the Chamber's commission investigating the Stavisky affair and whitewashing his boss. Max Bonnafous, State Secretary for Agriculture, is Adrien Marquet's representative. The neo-socialist fascist mayor of Bordeaux recruited Bonnafous from the local *lycée.* Thanks to such high patronage, the schoolteacher became a prefect in North Africa and in Marseilles, second largest city in the country, without the slightest administrative training. Similarly Georges Hilaire and Robert Bousquet, state secretaries in the Interior Ministry, are two little prefects, aged thirty-four and thirty-three, from the occupied Aube and Marne, where they excelled as bootlickers of the conqueror

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Of the six Ministers, three are all-out Pétain men. Lucien Romier is a doddering ex-journalist who enjoyed a reputation as a debilitated augur in the fashionable columns of *Le Figaro*. Documents found during the war in the private files of the France-Germany Committee prove that Romier was intrusted with suppressing the articles of his colleague Wladimir d'Ormesson, a Catholic patriot who later resigned his Vatican embassy post rather than serve under Vichy. Romier is now "Minister of State Without Portfolio Attached to Marshal Pétain." Joseph Barthélémy, professor at the Paris Law School, told the world in a sensational and highly effective front-page piece for *Le Temps* before Munich that France had no legal obligation to defend Czecho-Slovakia. Barthélémy remains as Minister of Justice. Charles Maurras, arch-Royalist, is not in the Cabinet, probably because he is stone-deaf. But he is adequately represented by Abel Bonnard, leader in the Académie Française of the "Parti des Ducs," for whom a merely moderate reactionary was no better than a Bolshevik. A pre-war writer of essays in super-elegant French lamenting the departed pomp of kings, Bonnard blossomed after the armistice into a furious polemic, shoveling yard after yard of copy into every collaborationist sheet in France. He is now Minister of Education.

The presence of this fossilized triumvirate shows how complete are Pétain's ties to the Laval regime. But the case of Darlan is even more conclusive. The Admiral, no longer in the government, is head of the armed forces and responsible only to the Marshal. Our perennial appeasers are already suggesting that he is therefore the white hope of France. But they ignore the fact that the Secretaries for Navy, Air, and War are all under Laval—and are all Darlan men.

Vice-Admiral Paul Auphan was previously Darlan's naval chief of staff and only last winter was running errands for him in North Africa. (Admiral Charles Platon, another of the Darlan proteges, is now Laval's own secretary.) General Jean Jannekeyn was promoted from colonel and made commander of the air force in Syria by the infamous Henri Dentz, Darlan's Governor General, in time to resist the British–Free French occupation. General Eugene Bridoux was until a fortnight ago Darlan's valet to Laval's jackal Fernand de Brinon, ambassador in Paris, where the General had himself incessantly photographed in full uniform at *Reichswehr* galas.

The last knot of the rope which binds the Marshal, the Admiral, and the new "Chief of Government" is tied by Jacques Benoist-Mechin. He and De Brinon are now secretaries in Laval's personal Cabinet. But Benoist-Mechin, author of a scandalous panegyric to Nazi treatment of French war prisoners, was Pétain's own delegate to the German military. His present post is final proof, if any is still needed, that Laval and the Marshal are two faces of the same counterfeit coin.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

South Africa's Golden Goose

IN MY last article, discussing the war-time utility of the precious metals, I pointed out that gold was still playing an important part in British war finance. Lend-lease has relieved but not ended the strain on Britain's attenuated foreign-exchange resources. Arms contracts predating lend-lease are still being liquidated, and there is an adverse balance of payments with countries outside the sterling area which must be met.

Last year almost one-fifth of a total British war expenditure exceeding $15 billion represented payments abroad which were financed by the realization of foreign resources—gold, dollar balances, and overseas investments. Britain's gold reserves are now largely exhausted; its most salable foreign investments have been sold or mortgaged. Hence for its future needs it must depend to a considerable extent on the newly mined gold of the empire countries within the sterling area, especially of South Africa.

From the point of view of the United States it makes little difference whether goods shipped to Britain are paid for in gold or by a lease-lend debit note. In both cases what we are really receiving is a claim on future British production. Lend-lease agreements provide for the eventual return of equivalent amounts of goods. Gold may seem to some people a more tangible form of payment than a paper obligation, but in actual fact this gold does nothing to increase our wealth—our command over consumable goods—unless at some future date we are prepared to exchange it for foreign commodities and services.

If this were better understood, it might be easier to arrange for pooling the finances of the United Nations, just as their armed services, their production, and their shipping are now being pooled. In that event, the last remaining war-time function of gold—its use as a balancing factor in international payments—would lapse, and, theoretically, the labor and equipment now being devoted to gold-mining could be diverted to more useful forms of production. I say theoretically, because while in most countries gold-mining is a marginal industry which could be closed down without causing more than a limited amount of dislocation and hardship, there are countries where any such step would mean economic catastrophe. The outstanding example is South Africa, which is as compleetly dependent on gold production as Detroit on the manufacture of automobiles. But whereas Detroit with ingenuity and effort can turn to the production of planes, tanks, and guns, the scope for a similar transformation in South Africa is extremely limited.

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The South African gold mines afford direct employment to some 50,000 white workers and 300,000 natives and indirect employment to tens of thousands more. In fact, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that most other industries in the country are subsidiary to the mines, while agriculture to a very considerable degree is subsidized by them. This is due to the fact that while the government provides large subventions for the farmers it draws from the gold mines the major part of its revenue. In 1940, it is estimated, direct taxes on gold-mining yielded £28 million, while taxes on income derived from the same source produced £22 million—or together £50 million out of a total revenue of £63 million.

The part played by gold in South Africa's trade balance is equally impressive. In 1941 imports were valued at £100 million; exports, excluding gold, at £41 million. Sales of gold to the Bank of England amounted to £119 million, thus leaving a balance of £60 million which, after allowing for certain "invisible" items, was available for the repatriation of South African foreign indebtedness. In view of this degree of dependency on gold, South Africans insist that drastic curtailment of the industry would be disastrous. It would not be possible, representatives of the mining interests declare, to transfer unskilled native labor to other occupations even if equipment for new war industries could be secured. A big proportion of the white labor force has been released for service in the army. The well-equipped machine-shops maintained by the mines have been partially turned over to war production.

A gradual slowing up in the mines is recognized as inevitable. All work on new properties has been suspended, and development work in producing mines is being curtailed. Only one-third of the £36 million spent on "stores" in 1941 was for imported goods, Certain essential spares and materials must be procured from the United States, but South African mines are not being given any higher priority ratings than American mines, and the shipping shortage provides another handicap.

South African troops have played a notable part in the Ethiopian and Libyan campaigns. Now the Union has assumed major strategic importance since its great naval base at Simonstown is a crucial factor in protecting the remaining sea route to India and the Middle East. The economic strategists of the United Nations must therefore give due weight to the plea that South Africa's foundation industry must be enabled to continue operations if its war effort is not to be short-circuited. It is to be hoped, however, that South Africa will not neglect the present opportunity for greater industrial diversification, particularly the development of base metals. For surely the present crisis spotlights the danger of allowing one's market basket to be filled exclusively with golden goose eggs.

In the Wind

AN EDITORIAL in the April 10 issue of the Charleston, South Carolina, *News-Courier,* praised *The Nation's* position in the recent debate over Indian freedom and expressed particular satisfaction with our indorsement of the British proposal to allow dissatisfied provinces to leave the dominion. At long last, the newspaper claimed, *The Nation,* founded by Abolitionists, had vindicated the Confederacy and the Ordinance of Secession.

TWO NEGROES are on the Atlanta jury that will judge Hiram Evans, former Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, who has been indicted for swindling the state on a construction project.

THE LONDON *New Statesman and Nation* reports that although practically all of its contributors support the war effort and many are in the armed forces, the first of its writers to be killed was a conscientious objector. He was Raymond Alderson, a Quaker who volunteered to drive an ambulance and was killed by enemy fire in Libya.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY has added a kind of Townsendite old-age-pension scheme to its platform and a former Coughlinite, William H. McMasters, to its national committee.

ONE FASCIST GROUP that has been overlooked in most roundups is Pro-America, which operates out of Denver. A speaker at one of its meetings held since Pearl Harbor defended Japan's New Order as a "bulwark against Bolshevism."

A. CLAYTON POWELL, New York Negro minister and a City Councilman, has started a new Negro newspaper, the *People's Voice.* The paper began in an early issue to serialize Richard Wright's "Native Son" but discontinued it because readers found the novel too harrowing.

FRANK HAGUE, Jr., son of Jersey City's mayor, is a judge of the Court of Pardons which is considering the release of Panchelly, Woodworth, and Brown, three union seamen who claim they were framed by the Hague machine.

IF THE GOVERNMENT suppresses *Social Justice,* the Brooklyn *Tablet,* the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran's pro-fascist organ, may publish Coughlin's paper as a special supplement under another name.

GRACE CARLSON, one of the Trotskyites convicted of sedition by the federal government, is running for mayor of St. Paul, Minnesota, while she waits for her case to reach the Supreme Court.

FROM AN EDITORIAL in Hearst's New York *Journal-American* of April 5: "Donald Nelson has said . . . there is a slack in war production." Headline on a news story in the same issue: "Production Goal Met, Says Nelson."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Democracy's Allies in Europe

THE 6TH COLUMN: INSIDE THE NAZI-OCCUPIED COUNTRIES. By Jan Masaryk, Mme Antonina Paderewska-Wilkonska, Stanislaw Stronski, Karin Michaelis, Tor Myklebost, Theodore Broch, Dr. N. A. C. Slotemaker de Bruine, Henri Fast, Prince Jean of Luxembourg and Pierre Dupong, Geneviève Tabouis, Svetislav-Sveta Petrovitch, Sofocles Venizelos. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.50.

UNDERGROUND EUROPE. By Curt Riess. The Dial Press. $3.

PRISONERS OF HOPE: REPORT ON A MISSION. By Howard L. Brooks. L. B. Fischer. $2.75.

EUROPE is not a continent of cowering slaves but a seething battleground where fighting peoples plot to regain the independence they have temporarily lost. Day after day, night after night, unsleeping conspirators carry on their warfare against Hitler, Himmler, the Gestapo, and their traitorous tools. They have learned to expect no mercy, and they have hardened themselves to give none. When one of their number is captured, they know he is tortured and killed. These heroes of the underground movements of the captive countries are the volunteer armies of the United Nations, the allies we cannot afford to forget or neglect.

The three books listed above lift a corner of the curtain that conceals the dark continent of Europe and give us a glimpse of the extraordinary tragedy that is being played out there. On one side we see the arrogance, ruthlessness, and sadism of the self-called master-race, and on the other, the pride, ingenuity, and sacrifice of those who refuse to accept the role of slaves. Here is a drama of the struggle for liberty that literally pierces us with pity and terror. It is the story of a war that is so much more than a mere conflict over national boundary lines that its incidents affect the reader like the chiaroscuro of Dante or the exaltation of Milton.

In a Czech armament plant a German soldier saw a workman pouring soup into a cast. The worker knew it would create a fault in the metal that would make it explode when it became a gun. The soldier rushed to prevent the sabotage. The two men grappled, and both went down into the liquid fire. True, the Czech died—but the steel was spoiled, and there was one less soldier, one less gun for the enemies of his people. Greater love hath no man than this. That struggle silhouetted against, and then consumed by, the blazing inferno is one flash from our contemporary inferno, a vivid moment illuminating the meaning of our struggle.

"The 6th Column" is unfortunately named. It is a report of democracy's fifth column at work in ten countries. The reporters are for the most part men and women familiar with the plans of the unconquered captives in their native lands and continually in touch with them, for communication with their friends in the outside world is maintained with amazing regularity by the leaders of the underground movements. Not all the accounts are written with equal skill, and some are devoted rather to a history of the defeat than to the present struggle against the victors, thus giving the impression that in those countries the underground movements are not active or else that the writer is not informed about them. The most satisfactory accounts are those of Masaryk on Czecho-Slovakia, Myklebost and Broch on Norway, and De Bruine on Holland. While Stronski has given a fair outline of Poland's struggle he has by no means adequately described the amazing organization with which this people is combating the cruelest persecutions being visited upon the captured lands. In spite of its defects, however, the book gives the most complete account of the underground movements that I have yet examined.

Nazi rule follows a well-defined pattern in all these countries. It completely suspends all legal rights, making the population dependent upon the opportunities and whims of the local rulers. It suppresses all freedom of the press. It attacks religious leaders of all faiths. It visits continual oppression upon all universities and students. In these four fields every conceivable kind of personal and social outrage is carried on—theft of personal property, torture of all who display any signs of independence, heavy fines upon communities accused of acts of protest, and vindictive firing upon crowds or buildings selected for punishment. Against these the people maintain a subterranean press, a system of chain letters, secret military organizations, machinery for aiding the concealment and flight of their leaders, continual sabotage, communication with leaders abroad, training for the children and young people in the language and customs of their own people, and vigorous religious protest.

Curt Riess in "Underground Europe" tells stories of individual exploits that illustrate dramatically how the people wage their war. His book should win a wide audience by its human appeal even among those who will understand little of its political import. It makes plain that life in the captive countries moves at two levels, the one that the conquerors see and the hidden one where people talk and act intensely for the things they cherish and have not surrendered. In this underground community all unite to fight the common enemy, but in it also the struggle for future power goes on between the reactionaries who still think of their privileges of yesterday and the liberals who anticipate genuine democracy in the days to come. Riess makes clear at whom our present propaganda should be aimed and how our political warfare should establish contact with those who will help us make the kind of world we want.

"Prisoners of Hope" by the Reverend Howard L. Brooks tells effectively of his experiences in 1941 as a worker with the Unitarian Service Committee furnishing medical care to the concentration camps in France. The Unitarians have performed this service skilfully in conditions of extraordinary delicacy and peril. Mr. Brooks's volume helps to explain their success. It is a book about life under the Vichy regime. It shows how Americans have helped the enemies of Nazism

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to escape from Europe, paying particular tribute to the courage of Varian Fry, how the Gestapo has penetrated unoccupied France, and how the people express their protest. Above all it shows how Vichy has enslaved every Frenchman and truckled to every Nazi. I recommend it as required reading for the State Department.

FRANK KINGDON

How to Attack Japan

VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC: HOW WE MUST DEFEAT JAPAN. By Alexander Kiralfy. The John Day Company. $2.75.

WITHIN the last few weeks American public opinion has turned completely away from the misconception that a defensive war can be other than a losing war, and we now are confronted with the danger that the difficulties of the inevitable alternative will be overlooked. In that connection Alexander Kiralfy's study of the means by which we can hope to achieve victory in the Pacific could not be more timely. The author approaches the problem from a coldly practical point of view, in sharp contrast with the wishful thinking evident in Lieutenant Colonel Kernan's "Defense Will Not Win the War" and in so many articles and speeches advocating an immediate offensive. The will to victory, he points out, is essential but it is not enough. We shall never beat Douhet with Coué.

"Victory in the Pacific" is an excellent combination of encyclopedic erudition and forceful, realistic thinking. Mr. Kiralfy's analysis of the underlying reasons for Japan's yet unbroken chain of conquests is the most exhaustive and convincing that has appeared so far, and is no less convincing or closely reasoned for having been written in the few weeks since Pearl Harbor. A working knowledge of Japanese has aided the author in defining the means by which Tokyo's militarists sought out the chinks in the United Nations' moral and material armor and plunged the sword unerringly at these spots. The only objection to this part of Mr. Kiralfy's work is that he maintains, somewhat laboriously, an analogy between the professional militarist and the surgeon (*isha*). Similarly, in the discussion of military measures there is a rather forced analogy with *shogi,* the Japanese chess.

Before presenting his case for the offensive Mr. Kiralfy seeks to dispel some of the fatal illusions about the global war into which we have been precipitated. The Pacific theater is not—as President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill prematurely decided—a secondary front, but a second primary front. We shall not beat the Japanese by painstakingly breaking off their invasion spearheads at the tip and even more painstakingly driving them back, mile by bloody mile, to Java, to Singapore, to Luzon, to Hainan, to Formosa, and eventually to Japan. We shall gain little, and may even lose, by sporadic raids such as that on the Marshall Islands. We cannot fight under Marquis of Queensberry rules—"Militarists, guided solely by strictly scientific considerations, are fighting against men staggering under a load of inhibitions which include pacifism, defense-mindedness, and war morality . . . they form the trilogy of defeat."

What then shall we do? Mr. Kiralfy describes the Japanese mandated islands in detail, but one could wish for a fuller discussion of the possibility of an offensive westward through the Marshalls. After a nod to the submarine flotillas which have operated with indecisive success on Japan's convoy routes, he turns to the most dazzling of all possibilities, an attack on the enemy homeland. This could come only from the north, and Mr. Kiralfy presupposes the cooperation of the Soviets in providing bases and in making simultaneous attacks from their Maritime Provinces. This supposition may be justified, and indeed the offensive potentialities of these Russian positions may compel Tokyo to strike at them forthwith. If so, it is to be hoped that the United States is prepared to give the necessary aid, not for the defensive, but in the form of counter-attacks even more telling than the raids on Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagoya. And if this should not be so, it is to be hoped that plans for the invasion of Karafuto, Hokkaido, and Honshu are being laid, with due allowance for the fact that Russian bases may be unavailable. In either case, "Victory in the Pacific" is a storehouse of information essential to an understanding of the future campaigns across the international date line. And it is the soundest and most provocative discussion of the alternatives open to the United Nations in that vast theater of war.

GILBERT CANT

Quennell's Byron

BYRON IN ITALY. By Peter Quennell. The Viking Press. $3.50.

BYRON IN ITALY" is the sequel to Mr. Quennell's admirable "Byron: The Years of Fame"; it spans the time between 1816 and 1823, from the end of Byron's disastrous marriage to his departure for Greece. This is the period of Byron's full poetic maturity, the period of the last canto of "Childe Harold," of "Beppo," of "Cain" and "Manfred," of "The Vision of Judgment," and, most important of all, of "Don Juan." It is also the time of that crisis in Byron's spirit that led him through the liaisons with Clare Claremont, Marianna Segati, and Margarita Cogni, through the sordid and probably perverse Venetian nights, through the torpor of his attendance upon Theresa Guiccioli. For a while he was quiet with Theresa in the placidity and affection of the Palazzo Lanfranchi; but the furies were soon at him again and he fled to the fatal Greek adventure.

It is a hard story to tell. The events are frequently sensational, sometimes brutal, and they can tempt the biographer to forget that this is not a sexual melodrama but a spiritual tragedy. But Mr. Quennell is not to be tempted. He does not assume that Byron's sexual career was unique either in his own day or in ours. He understands the nature of Byron's sensuality, knowing that, in the ordinary meaning of the word, Byron was not a sensual man at all. Byron's sexual urge was as reluctant as it was compelling, and he expected little peace or pleasure from its satisfaction; deep conflicts of impulse made his affairs the symbols or the instruments of other than sexual needs, just as the Greek enterprise served other than political aims.

Mr. Quennell does not labor this insight, and he does not usurp the role of the psychopathologist. He makes his point as the biographer should make it, by the right proportions

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of his narrative and by the tact of his tone. After the rush and gush of Ethel Colburn Mayne's useful but infatuated biography, and after the grave knowingness of André Maurois's, the quiet worldliness of Mr. Quennell's book comes as a cool relief. In life Byron gave the best of himself to men and women of the world who accepted him without worship, contempt, or astonishment, and in biography he responds in the same way.

But good as Mr. Quennell's book is on all personal matters, it has a serious deficiency. Byron was more than a man of personal life; he was a man of mind, of society, and of history, and unless he is seen so he is not truly seen. And Mr. Quennell is both inadequate and naive in his dealing with history and ideas. His book, through most of its length, does not lead us to remember that Byron was a great and conscious European who suffered as much from his epoch as from himself. Then, having sinned by omission, Mr. Quennell undertakes to make up for it by launching into a sin of commission; as the story draws to a close with Byron preparing to sail for Greece, Mr. Quennell interrupts his narrative to make an elaborate estimate of the romantic movement. He tells us, among other things, that the romantic poets were "continually advancing the charms of extinction against the claims of life," that they were anarchic and distrusted the use of reason, that to them we may trace all the evils of nationalism—"essentially a romantic movement"—and even the theory of Aryan racial superiority. This is, of course, both inaccurate and illogical; and Mr. Quennell is so concerned to blame our present disorders on the romantic poets that he quite forgets the manful struggle they made against the disorder of their own time.

Mr. Quennell's unhappy excursion into political judgment occupies but a relatively small part of his book, and it should not obscure the book's excellent qualities. Nevertheless, it indicates an inadequacy in Mr. Quennell's understanding of Byron which all his personal insight does not redeem.

LIONEL TRILLING

Taxes and Politics

AMERICAN TAXATION: ITS HISTORY AS A SOCIAL FORCE IN DEMOCRACY. By Sidney Ratner. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.50.

IT IS difficult to damn Sidney Ratner's book on American taxation except with faint praise. The author's point of view is firmly grounded in the progressive tradition of writers like Charles A. Beard, Allan Nevins, and Gustavus Myers, to whom he gives full credit in his preface and in voluminous footnotes.

As a text or reference book, the volume should prove widely useful. Perhaps it is unfair to criticize such an extensive and scholarly work from the point of view of the general reader. Yet it is decidedly unsatisfying in a number of important ways.

The title is misleading, because the study deals exclusively with the history of federal taxation. To consider the national tax program without reporting at each stage the complementary effects of state and local taxation is to give a distorted picture of the over-all burden at various income

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levels. State and local taxes are mentioned briefly in a few places, but there is, for example, no mention of the very serious failure of New Deal leaders to undertake the necessary and difficult job of coordinating the present chaotic tax structure.

The distinction between progressive and regressive taxes which is accepted by most liberals is assumed throughout the book, and perhaps no extensive new discussion of the subject is needed. At the same time the desirability of taxing the rich and the undesirability of taxing the poor are not so generally taken for granted that they can be presented without argument. More particularly, it is not entirely fair to examine tax programs of Revolutionary and Civil War days solely from the point of view which prevails in progressive circles today. Taxation must be considered in the light of economic conditions and theories which were general at the time the taxes were levied: the imposition of an income tax during the Civil War was far more radical than it was fifty years later, and the Senators who proposed and supported it deserve relatively greater credit than they are given, even though the measure was modest in its effect on the rich.

During the nineteenth century, at least, the people of the United States as a whole were convinced that the accumulation of capital in the hands of rich men was beneficial, since the country needed capital for the development of its resources. It can reasonably be argued that the great disparities between rich and poor which were allowed to develop as a result of this conviction were deplorable. But in all fairness it is important to distinguish between an era when private fortunes were largely invested in productive enterprises and the present situation, when over-saving has become a real economic menace. Mr. Ratner fails to make that distinction, or to give any full discussion of the economic effects of taxation. His preoccupation with social justice is commendable, but it does not shed very much new light on his subject.

Nevertheless, a history of national politics in America in terms of tax legislation is a worth-while job, and one which the author has accomplished with skill, a readable style, and a great deal of scholarly research. While much of the background is familiar to anyone who has read Beard and Parrington, it is enlivened with many anecdotes and character sketches which are decidedly to the point. It is scarcely the author's fault that arguments about taxes have gone over and over the same ground, and it is amusing to read the comment of the New York *Sun* on the Supreme Court's invalidation of the income tax in 1895: "The wave of socialistic revolution has gone far," said the *Sun,* "but it breaks at the foot of the ultimate bulwark set up for the protection of our liberties. Five to four the court stands like a rock."

In presenting such illuminating details, together with a more serious record of Congressional action on tax bills since the days of the Revolution, Mr. Ratner has performed a real service. Unfortunately, his efforts to present a full historical background for the story of taxes have led him occasionally to make hasty and rather dubious generalizations. He writes, for example: "The Roosevelt Administration, however, had dealt a heavy blow to international economic cooperation in July, 1933, when Roosevelt repudiated the program of the London International Economic Conference

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for currency stabilization because he desired to promote a speedy recovery within the United States through a devaluation of the currency and a rise in domestic prices."

Many economists, especially those with orthodox views about currency, will agree with this statement. But it can be argued with considerable justification that the London Economic Conference was wrecked because the British and French representatives refused to begin serious discussions without an agreement for restoration of the gold standard. Whether the President was right or wrong, his policy at that time does not deserve to be dismissed with a casual sentence.

The book was evidently completed before the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the final chapter, America Faces the Second World War, inevitably fails to cover the tax problems which will arise from the war expenditures now in prospect. By the time the war is over, the value of the whole study will probably be quite purely historical. CHARLES E. NOYES

"How Begot, How Nourished?" I

[This is the first of a series of three commentaries on the writing and publishing of poetry. The second will appear in an early issue.]

DURING a lull in the general uproar a stir and murmur from that corner of the party where the literary editors have their heads together waft a phrase halfway across the room. Did I hear something about "a renaissance of poetry"? In the midst of the loud resuming noise, before we apply too much common sense to analysis of the phrase and deflation of its metaphorical value, even while we remind ourselves that poetry is written with the human hand and that poets are produced by a so far undiscovered dialectical law, in other words, according to God's holy will, it might be interesting to pay a little attention to the publication of poetry, to examine the various means by which it is presented to the reader, the various levels on which, in book form, it engages his attention.

To begin with, we have the reputable established commercial houses. These—some more, some less—bring out books of poetry every season, for one reason or another: for prestige, to balance their list, to have the satisfaction of cashing in on a long shot when a Pulitzer prize winner comes over, or from more creditable motives. All of them complain that they lose money on it; still, one might like to have a look at the accounts, and see whether they drop more on their poets, in any given season, than they throw around on cocktail parties for their novelists or the successful inside-story lasses and lads. Is it only a low and skulking nature that can suspect even houses with lofty names of receiving an occasional discreet subsidy from a poet? And what about that "You-write-us-a-novel, we'll-publish-your-poems" angle? But whatever their peccadillos, these houses are the best bet for the poet who can afford to wait, and not let waiting get him down.

On another level we have recently seen something like a revival of the system of individual patronage, and it is this phenomenon, and its product, that I wish to discuss principally in this first article. Young Walter Chrysler, if I remember correctly, made one or two desultory attempts, some years ago, along these lines; and now we have the much more energetic and systematic efforts of the New Directions Press in Norfolk, Connecticut. The editor, James Laughlin, is—I hope it is not libelous to say—a rich young man whose other assets include a generous heart, a willing ear, and occasional manifestations of rather pretty taste. His munificence has permitted considerable increase both in the quantity and quality of poetry published in the last few years; and his range is not restricted by narrow concepts. His firm will shortly publish, for example, a good-sized anthology of modern poetry from Latin America, the translations taken care of by American poets. He has not only established a series called "The Poet of the Month," but is now bringing out his second annual anthology of the work of five young American poets.

The "Poet of the Month" series may be had at an annual subscription price of $4; I take it this refers to editions bound in paper; board copies are offered singly at a dollar apiece. At hand are five volumes, from the latter part of 1941 and the early part of 1942. Their scope is considerable, as may be seen from what follows: a collection of new translations made from the Palatine anthology by the modern American poet Dudley Fitts; some of the poems from an early book by Rainer Maria Rilke, "The Book of Hours," with the original German facing translations made by another modern American poet, Babette Deutsch; a book of poems by a young Englishman, F. T. Prince; another by a middle-aged American, Malcolm Cowley; and an anthology

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of some three dozen from the original thirteen hundred lyrics left by Robert Herrick.

In presenting translations of forty-nine poems from the Palatine anthology, Mr. Fitts continues the good work begun in a previous edition of a hundred poems from the same source. His method is to suggest the Greek quality of the originals by a simple Doric line, like that of H. D.'s poems. Now and then Mr. Fitts can be caught in an arch act, or a sly one, putting in a word for no good reason, or even an idea, as in the Poem 24, from Philodemus the Epicurean. Sometimes, too, an epigram seems to lose its point, or to have been taken from a rather labored original. One might wish that Mr. Fitts had tried his hand now and then at reproducing the original elegiac meter—his method makes the poems seem, perhaps, a little too austere—or that he had attempted the use of rhymed couplets, in the eighteenth-century manner, to sharpen the point, especially in the satirical epigrams. But the general effect of the collection is that of fine, clean, simple work; and the pages are a delight to look at as well as to read.

The page design of the Rilke book, on the other hand, could hardly have been calculated to produce a more exasperating impression. Each poem, whether in German or English, starts with a heavy bold-face Gothic line with letters somewhat larger than those below; the rest of the German side of the page is printed in italics, in the English alphabet; the English side of the page is in Roman. On both sides of the page one finds, occasionally, single words or phrases set in small Roman capitals. If this does not look quite as phony and messy as it sounds, it still looks phony and messy enough; and this is bad, not only on its own account, but because it contributes to a substantial distortion of our view of Rilke. Rilke did have in him just a little of the phony-precious-pretentious: to present him under a glass which magnifies this aspect alone does much to put off the sensible reader, who comes to learn, later than he should, how much greater Rilke really was, how much more there was to him, how steadfastly he came to grips with, how magnificently transcended, his early limitations. "The Book of Hours" is early work and, good as it is, by no means Rilke's best, for there is considerable mawkishness in the emotion and a tentative quality in the technique. But these poems are interesting, both for themselves and because they show out of what beginning his later art matured. Miss Deutsch's translations are pretty good, though not quite so good as they might have been if she had studied harder to reproduce the sound effects of Rilke, or to understand how much he could drive home with the simple noun, the simple verb, the simple definite article. In a translation appearing on page 19, for instance, she uses five rhymes on the *ee* sound where only two appear in the original sonnet. She is not often guilty of leaving out, but she sometimes does some putting in; or she does not resist hard enough the temptation that comes to translators to add the adjective that the original noun suggested to them; this has the effect of stopping the suggestive power of the original version.

F. T. Prince's poems were published in London in 1938 by Faber and Faber; which means for one thing that T. S. Eliot thinks well of him. He has sent over to this side fourteen poems, nine of them very short, from that collection, and has also added one new poem. For once a new young poet, but good, who does not sound too much like Auden; he does sound a little like Eliot sometimes. He has a fine ear and a nice wit; the tone is elegiac at times, or questioning in an almost feminine manner; but underneath the treble of the interrogation there is affirmation in the bass.

Malcolm Cowley is also indebted to Eliot, both for the title of his collection—"The Dry Season"—and for the manner of some of the poems. His mood, also, is often elegiac, or nostalgic with a sentimental hankering after the good old days described in "Exile's Return." This little book gives the impression that he has turned, for spiritual regeneration, to the writing of poetry.

In the poem Seven, at the end of the central section, and in the two poems of prophetic affirmation that follow, there are signs of serious self-examination, as distinguished from narcissism; and in some poems both in the first and final sections there is an attempt to secure a more basic simplicity. The most interesting poems in the book, I feel, are these, where the writer achieves his effects, as he says, "by making the poems a simple statement of things felt and seen."

The little sheaf of poems by Robert Herrick is neat to look at and will beguile you for a pleasant half-hour. I am curious to know what is meant by one remark in the preface: "It is suspected that he was something of a Propertius during these London years."

Next time I plan to discuss Mr. Laughlin's collection of five young American poets, as well as a somewhat similar group of seven published by the press of James A. Decker.

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OUR HAWAII. By Erna Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Through the medium of a personal travelogue Miss Fergusson manages to convey a picture of the Hawaiian Islands as a portent of racial tolerance and cultural amalgamation. She has a knack also of weaving history into her narrative in a lively and natural manner. Illustrated with photographs and maps which highlight the text.

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Problems of Cooperation: A Study of the Deficiencies of the Cooperative Method of Economic Organization and the Difficulties in the Way of Its Expansion. By James Peter Warbasse. Island Press. $1.

ART

Abstract Art

THE sixth annual exhibition of the American Abstract Artists seems to have released a spate of group shows of abstract art. The high-water mark is the Red Cross benefit exhibition "Masters of Abstract Art" inaugurating Helena Rubinstein's New Art Center on Fifth Avenue, which will run until May 15. At the same time A. E. Gallatin is showing a selection of recent acquisitions and loans that will remain on view over the summer at the Gallery of Living Art at New York University, Washington Square; and the Museum of Modern Art is presenting for an indefinite period recent accessions and extended loans to illustrate the origins and development of abstract painting and films. All four exhibitions overlap, but their emphases vary.

The A. A. A. exhibition, which closed on March 23, was the most provocative show of all, not so much because of the

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merits of the individual contributors as because many of them were comparatively young and so could tell us most about the probable future of abstract art in this country. Upon this future a lot depends. The abstract is the one contemporary order in which it is least possible to get away with the chic, the imitative, and the merely facile. While the American abstract movement has been no less chained to its origins abroad than the rest of our art, and has produced its own share of pallid, imitative work, abstract artists are as a group more conscious of their shortcomings in this respect and less comfortable about them. They are unwilling to settle for anything less than a first-hand art.

Aside from the collective impression made by the A. A. A. show—which as a feat of hanging alone induced the exhilaration peculiar to well-housed shows of abstract art—certain individual performances made one feel that here was art in movement; new possibilities were being plumbed that burst the confines of the set easel-picture and sculptured piece. Nor did it matter too much whether the results so far were very successful or not. And there are no great successes as yet: a certain authority is lacking, there is a hesitancy even in the work of the older artists—a hesitancy not present, for instance, in the big painting on view by Jean Hélion, a Frenchman, which manages to retrieve its weak, Vermeerish color and inflated design by what I can only call authority or assurance. But there is a beginning, and *beginnings* can be found almost nowhere else in contemporary American art. Among the most promising evidences were the metal constructions of Ibram Lassaw, clean, intense, and full of animation. However, Lassaw sets himself problems that seem at times too easy; which is also the case with Gertrude Greene, whose polychrome bas-reliefs would be more interesting if color were used to define the planes in depth as well as in extension. As for the paintings themselves, the best seemed to me to be those by Hananiah Harari, Giorgio Cavallon, and Esphyr Slobodkina. They had in common a fluidity of shape and color that seemed least to violate the character of their medium, in contrast to the "geometricians," who treat canvas as though it were concrete or plastic. But there is one painter among these latter, Albert Swinden, who shows as much promise perhaps in his single unsuccessful painting as the others in their successful ones.

Many of the artists whose work appeared at the A. A. A. show are also represented at Mr. Gallatin's exhibition. I admire Mr. Gallatin's taste, but sometimes find it too narrow. This may be the reason that his show makes a duller impression, even though there was nothing at the A. A. A. so completely finished as two of the pictures here by Hélion, or one by Mondrian, or the gauzy composition in citrus colors by John Ferren (whose show of more recent work at the Willard Gallery marks a great retrogression from this).

The exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art identifies the origins of the absolutely non-objective in the "suprematism" of the Russian painter, Kasimir Malevitch, "who in 1913 began to base his art upon the square and the circle." The works by Malevitch and his disciple Rodchenko, by Larionov, the Russian "rayonist" (he analyzed the visible into streaks of colored light), and by Umberto Boccioni, the Italian futurist, all have documentary value but are meager in aesthetic results. Going on to the section of the exhibition devoted to the school of Paris, we see that the great abstract and semi-abstract idiom is post-cubist and French, and that in its heyday, 1910-30, it could work through such comparatively minor talents as Le Corbusier-Jeanneret, Villon, and the sturdier Antoine Peusner to produce little masterpieces. Even Mondrian, to judge from the work he did during this period, of which there is an example here done in solid squares of color, was perhaps at his best while still strongly under the influence of post-cubism proper. And if the large and a bit over-aggressive painting by Gorky, an American, is good, it is because he continues the same thing in his own way. And of course there is the splendid still life by Braque and the one by Picasso, which consists of three very good paintings not very successfully put together on a single canvas. Of the rest of the show one can only say, "how interesting." It was certainly worth while to have obtained the examples of sundry other pioneer abstractionists, Wilfred's Lumia compositions and the water-color designs for an abstract film made in 1913 by Leopold Survage, but the practical result—the pleasure to be got from them—is nil.

The "Masters of Abstract Art" is the latest and richest of the four exhibitions, containing as it does works by Picasso, Braque, Arp, Miró, Klee, Van Doesburg and others, which have already taken safe and calm places in the pantheon of art. The finest item is a portable mural painted in 1933 by Miró, who, like the other Spaniards Picasso and Gris, belongs mainly to French painting and is one of the few artists of our day able to cover a large area of space so well that the beholder wishes it even larger. At the sight of the cubist paintings by Gris, Picasso, and Braque, one wonders how it was ever possible to say that cubism is a dry, "intellectualized" art without emotion, for these pictures with their brown tones and vibrating planes communicate the pathos of their moment and place with an eloquence more than equal to that of Apollinaire's poetry. However, the special excellence of this show does not lie in its confirmed masterpiece but in the generally high level of accomplishment shown by the work of the lesser men, both American and foreign. There are plenty of bad things here, but I was more than once surprised to discover how well artists whose work I do not particularly care for could paint in given instances.

It is to be wished that this show had the advantage of more spacious quarters so that one could get more than four feet away from some of the pictures.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

DR. ALFRED EINSTEIN is the musicologist to whose disciplined scholarship we owe the new edition of Köchel's Catalogue and the editions of the resurrected Haydn symphonies that Stiedry performed with the New Friends of Music Orchestra. In "Greatness in Music" (Oxford University Press, $3) he is a scholar writing not for other scholars but for the lay reader; which means, as he puts it, writing with "no long preliminary research, no copious scientific equipment, and no learned annotations," or, as I would put it, giving only the essential train of thought and its necessary factual basis, without all the cluttering, obscuring detail of supporting reasoning and fact that is required in a rigorous presentation for other scholars.

Actually one finds Dr. Einstein on page 126, for example, reaching "the difference between genius and talent, which in music as in other things is not a quantitative but a qualitative difference"; on page 129 describing the difference as "condensation, which is related to brevity but is not identical with it," and which is "a stronger vitali-

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zation through musical energy and expression"; and then giving examples. First Telemann and Bach, between whom the difference turns out to be that when Telemann wrote in the French or the Italian style "there was always a residue of imitation," whereas "when Bach wrote a concerto *im italienischen Gusto* it was Bachian or, as has been incorrectly said, German. For it was not his so-called Germanism that determined Bach's style; rather it was Bach's music that determined the German style. A national style is the sum of the individualities of speech that can be drawn from the work of musicians—but sometimes *cannot* be drawn from it; for if Bach is German, then the Wagner of 'Tristan' or 'Parsifal' is definitely not very German. Bach just is Bachian, and Wagner Wagnerian"—all of which may be true, if not very clear, but Dr. Einstein is supposedly discussing condensation.

But on page 130 "the process of condensation becomes very clear when we compare Mozart with his Italian contemporaries. 'Mozart and Cimarosa'—that doesn't go, even if Stendhal believed it did. Berlioz was absolutely right when in an annotation to his memoirs of this corpulent consul at Civitavecchia he said that he 'wrote the most irritating lucubrations on music, for which he fancied he had some feeling.' Mozart had the good fortune—and merit—to have captured . . . some of the best librettos which Italian opera of those days afforded. But not the very best. The very best *opera buffo* librettos . . . were not written by Da Ponte but by Giovanni Battista Casti, his rival, who unfortunately plays about the same role in the history of Italian literature of the eighteenth century as Pietro Aretino did in the sixteenth. He wrote a number of *novelle galanti* which are as salacious as they are witty—but, after all, perhaps more witty than salacious. Byron must have known them and admired them; otherwise we should hardly have his 'Don Juan.' Goethe"—and so on until on page 133 we reach the fact that Casti's "Rè Teodoro," the best libretto of its time, was set to music not by Mozart but by Paesiello, whose opera would be a failure today because "it lacks what we have called 'condensation.' Paesiello said everything in a broader and a more shallow way than Mozart."

Note that the essential line of thought is: "Condensation is the difference between Mozart and his contemporaries. Cimarosa is one example. Paesiello is a second: though he started with a libretto by Casti that was even better than Da Ponte's librettos for Mozart, he produced an opera that was inferior to Mozart's because it lacked condensation." Note that just as Dr. Einstein could not cite the example of Telemann and Bach without bringing in what he thinks about a national German style, so he cannot cite the example of Cimarosa and Mozart without mentioning what he read in Stendhal about Cimarosa, and in Berlioz about "this corpulent consul at Civitavecchia." Note further that from this he goes to Mozart's librettos without a word to indicate that he has moved on from Cimarosa to Paesiello; and that we are left in the dark about the purpose of the comparison of Da Ponte's and Casti's librettos—that is, its relation to the real point, which is the comparison of Mozart's and Paesiello's operas—for two pages in which Dr. Einstein again, having mentioned Casti's librettos, must drag in what he has dug up about Casti, about Pietro Aretino, about the *novelle galanti* which Byron must have known and admired, and so on.

The book, then—for it is all like that—*is* filled with the details that are properly in a book for scholars, but not properly in a book for lay readers. And the reason is that if the book is written informally it is also written pretentiously, and that actually the informality is part of the pretentiousness: Dr. Einstein never lets his lay reader forget that it is a scholar who is writing for him—or rather who is condescending to write for him—out of the riches of his enormous scholarship, his long experience, his vast reading, his profound philosophical meditations. Moreover, writing informally, for our scholar, means writing with his scholar's discipline relaxed below the requirements of even an informal intellectual exercise. Even such an exercise, that is, must have organization, order, form; but Dr. Einstein has taken the informality of the occasion as an excuse for shirking this burdensome obligation to integrate the material of each chapter into a coherent, clearly outlined progression, the four chapters into a unified treatment of the book's subject; he has taken it as an excuse for producing instead the four *causeries* such as are given on the lecture circuit—each with its impressive rather than descriptive title, each playing with the material, and each a confused clutter through which in some instances one can penetrate to outline and direction, and in other instances one cannot.

A number of passages in the book I cannot make head or tail of; some that I understand I don't think much of; others I find richly informative and perceptive; but even with these the book is for me—who approached it with respect for its author and eager anticipation of what I would learn from him about an important and interesting subject—a shocking performance. And the performance being what it is, one can understand and forgive the satisfaction I got from seeing the author, right in the middle of all this pretentiousness, slip on a banana peel—refer, that is, on page 120 to Mozart's "two 'little' symphonies in A major and G minor (Köchel Nos. 200 and 201)," when actually K. 200 is in C major, K. 201 is in A major, and the "little" G minor is K. 183.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Post-War Germany

Dear Sirs: Your issue of April 11 carried an article by Reinhold Niebuhr in which the following statement appeared: "A federated Europe would probably be dominated by Germany." This idea seems to be shared by many people; in fact, they think it so self-evident that it requires no proof. But careful consideration of the problem leads to an entirely different conclusion.

In a divided Europe Germany was the most powerful country. All the curbs imposed upon it in the period between the two wars proved ineffective. If it were not for the participation in this war of the United States, Russia, and England—powers not properly a part of Europe—German domination over the continent would be assured for an entire historical period.

In a European federation, on the other hand, there will be no domination of one nation over others. Differences in the size and strength of the member states need not result in the subordination of the weaker or the smaller. The United States of America affords a living example. The disparity between the Eastern states and the other states of the Union is far greater than that between Germany and other European nations; yet all the states have equal freedom and equal rights. That, of course, does not mean that it will be easy to establish a United States of Europe patterned upon the United States of America. What I wish to emphasize is merely that German domination of a federated Europe is not inevitable.

The natural tendency in Central Europe is toward the decline of German influence rather than its growth. During the past two decades there has been a steady decrease of German elements in the eastern portions of the former German Empire and a corresponding increase of Slavic elements. The anti-Polish policy established in Pomerania by Bismarck some sixty years ago attempted to use force to stop this process, which was already then in evidence, but the results were insignificant. At the same time, within the German Reich, we observe an awakening of national consciousness among the Polish elements in Silesia, which has been separated from other Polish territories for almost 800 years. Similar processes have gone on in other Slavic nations, particularly in the former Hapsburg empire.

Today Hitler attempts to stem this process by a policy of extermination of non-Germans which makes Bismarck's measures pale by comparison. Yet his efforts yield only negligible results (western Poland may be cited as an example). The Germans began political and military action against the other European nations precisely because they were unable to dominate them by peaceful and purely economic means. When the German minority, one-fifth of Europe's population, is deprived of its artificial props, when Prussian power is destroyed and the Junkers and great capitalists are liquidated, the diminution of German influence in Europe will be further accelerated.

In a genuinely democratic federated Europe there will thus be no reason to fear German domination.

GEORGE KAGAN

New York, April 23

America's Danger

Dear Sirs: I would like to thank you for your paragraph on the Victory Program of the Automobile Workers in your issue of April 18. It showed a realization that America is in graver danger than most of us want to admit.

It seems to me that a magazine such as *The Nation* can be very influential in waking up the country to two of its greatest dangers—the smug belief, on the one hand, that somehow everything will turn out all right; and the hysterical desire, on the other hand, to find a scapegoat for our problems. We have got to stop inflation, and the only just way to stop it—the only way, in fact—is to clamp down on war profits of every kind. Labor will have to give up excessive overtime, management will have to forgo excessive profits, landlords will have to keep their rents within reason, and the farmers must realize that this war is not being fought to raise the price of food.

Since human nature has its limits, mere good-will among the people is not enough. There must be national legislation. The danger is that each interest will be so afraid of losing a few fat years that it will put pressure on Congress to do nothing. However, once the American people understand the deadly danger of inflation and defeat rolled into one, I think even the most callous Congressman will decide that his chances of reelection are better if he votes for a firm control.

It is in the creation of a sane and vigorous public opinion that you can do a great deal of good. CHAD WALSH

Ann Arbor, Mich, April 18

CONTRIBUTORS

VARIAN FRY, American representative of the Emergency Rescue Committee in Marseilles, was expelled from France by the Vichy government in September, 1941.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG, well-known New York lawyer and philanthropist, is president of the Dominican Republic Settlement Association.

NORMAN ANGELL, a member of *The Nation's* Board of Contributing Editors, won the Nobel peace prize in 1933. He is the author of "The Great Illusion" and many other books.

HENRY TORRES, famous French criminal lawyer and former vice-chairman of the Chamber's Foreign Affairs Committee, is now in this country. He is the author of a critical biography of Pierre Laval.

HAL LEHRMAN has worked in France for the Associated Press and in America for the French news agency Havas. He is now attached to the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

FRANK KINGDON is president of the Union for Democratic Action.

GILBERT CANT, war editor of the New York *Post,* has recently published a volume entitled "The War at Sea."

LIONEL TRILLING, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is the author of "Matthew Arnold."

CHARLES E. NOYES is a Washington newspaperman who has often written on economic problems for *The Nation.*

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THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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